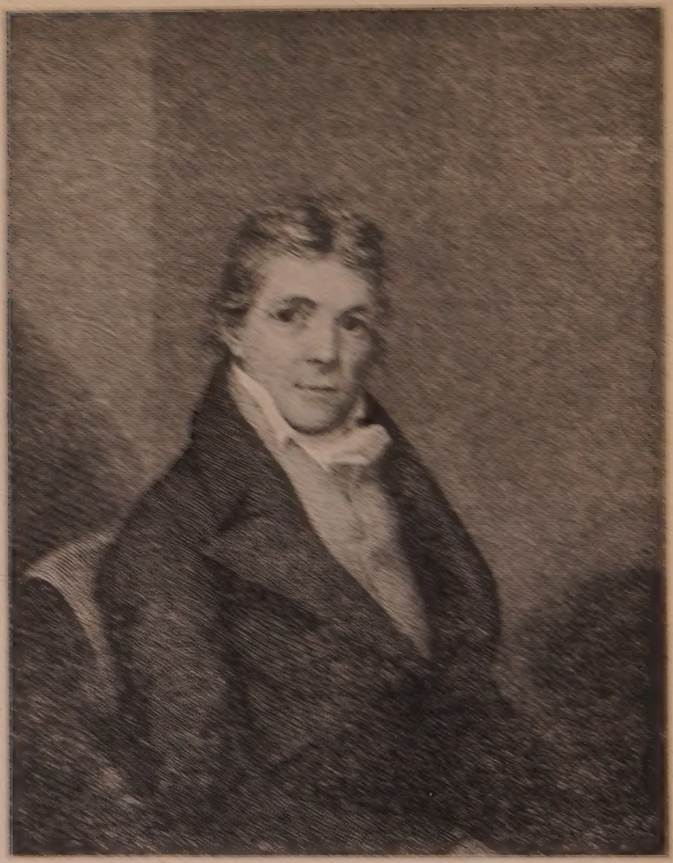

John Randolph

Great Americans of History

JOHN RANDOLPH

A CHARACTER SKETCH

BY

RICHARD HEATH DABNEY, M. A., Ph. D.
Professor of Historical and Economic Science in the University of Virginia; author of "The Causes of the French Revolution," etc.

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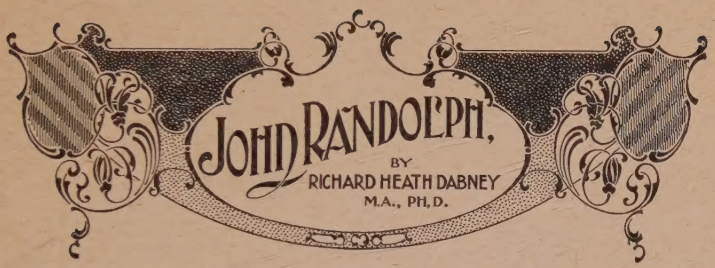


AMONG American families few have been more eminent, either in colonial days or since, than the Randolphs of Virginia. The name had, indeed, been a distinguished one in England for centuries before William Randolph, Gentleman, of Warwickshire (Shakespeare's County), came to Virginia in 1674 and settled at Turkey Island, James River.

The spot is historic. For close by was the estate of Nathaniel Bacon, who two years later led the rebellion against Sir Willian Berkeley, the royal Governor. In close proximity, too, is Malvern Hill, where nearly two centuries later the shattered army of McClellan found shelter from the sledge-hammer blows of Robert E. Lee.

The young Englishman was not long alone at Turkey Island, but soon married a young woman of the colony. The billing and cooing of most loving couples is of small consequence to the world at large. But not so in this case. Gibbon truly says that, when the enemies of Mohammed caught up with him on his flight from Mecca to Medina, "in this eventful moment the lance of an Arab

might have changed the history of the world." And it may be said with equal truth that the glance of Mary Isham's eye did actually change the course of history. Had she failed to look tenderly upon William Randolph, not a few of the greatest Americans had never been born. For not only were this pair the progenitors of such men as Peyton Randolph, the first President of the first Continental Congress, Edmund Randolph, the first Attorney-General and second Secretary of State of the United States, William Stith, the historian of Virginia, Bishop William Meade, the historian as well as "Restorer" of the Episcopal Church of Virginia, and Bishop Alfred M. Randolph, but also of Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice Marshall, and last, but not least one, grandest and noblest of all—Robert Edward Lee. Such being the descendants of this couple, the fair reader will doubtless shudder at what might have been—or might not have been—had Mary Isham been obdurate, and died an old maid.

Robert E. Lee.

Fortunately, however, she hardened not her heart, but wedded, and in due time presented her husband with seven sons and two daughters.

One of these sons, Richard by name, became the owner of Curles, the confiscated estate of Nathaniel Bacon, and

married Jane Bolling, a great-great-granddaughter of Pocahontas. Richard Randolph's fourth son, John, married Frances Bland, daughter of Col. Theodorick Bland of Cawsons, Prince George Co., situated on the high bank of the Appomattox, near its junction with the James. Here, on June 2, 1773, the third son of John and Frances Randolph, the subject of this sketch, first saw the light.

Though born at the house of his maternal grandfather, his early childhood was chiefly spent at his father's place, Matoax, on the Appomattox, two miles above Petersburg. His father died in 1775, and his mother, a woman of great beauty and high mental qualities, continued to reside at Matoax both before and after her marriage to St. George Tucker of Bermuda in 1778. Sincerely pious herself, she took great pains with the religious training of the dark-eyed boy; and although John Randolph, after his mother's death, eagerly imbibed the deistical philosophy of the day and was a scoffer at Christianity during his early manhood, yet when troubles of many kinds had saddened his heart, the memory of his mother's teachings came vividly back to his mind.

"When I could first remember," says he, "I slept in the same bed with my widowed mother—each night, before putting me to bed, I repeated on my knees before her the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed—each morning kneeling in the bed I put up my little hands in prayer in the same form. Years have since passed away; I have been a skeptic, a professed scoffer, glorying in my infidelity, and vain of the ingenuity with which I could defend it. Prayer never crossed my mind, but in scorn.

I am now conscious that the lessons above mentioned, taught me by my dear and revered mother, are of more value to me than all that I have learned from my preceptors and compeers."

Shielding him from contact with vulgarity and meanness in every form, she taught him to read so early that by the time he was eleven years old he is said to have read "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," Plutarch's "Lives," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Quintus Curtius," "Pope's Homer," "Orlando Furioso," "Tom Jones," Voltaire's "Charles XII," Thomson's "Seasons," the "Spectator," "Humphrey Clinker," Goldsmith's "Roman History," "Shakespeare," "The Arabian Nights," etc; the last two, in particular, being his delight, as giving free scope to his own active and poetic imagination.

The boy was born in stirring times; and before he was eight years old, they became more stirring still. For in the early days of January, 1781, his mother and step-father, hearing of the approach of Benedict Arnold and his marauding band, hastily collected some of their movable goods, and with their children (one of them a new-born infant, who afterwards became the eminent jurist, Judge Henry St. George Tucker, Professor of Law at the University of Virginia), fled to Bizarre, another of their estates, ninety miles further up the Appomattox.

Before he was nine years old, John was sent with his two brothers to Walker Maury's school in Orange Co., and afterwards to Williamsburg, when Maury had moved there to take charge of a grammar school connected with

William and Mary College. Here he remained for about a year, reading Sallust and Vergil, learning the Westminster Greek Grammar by heart, and studying French and

William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Jefferson and many other noted Virginians attended this College.

the elements of Geometry. Being proud and reserved, he mingled little with the general crowd of boys, but laid the foundation of a life-long friendship with the brilliant Littleton Waller Tazewell, afterwards Governor of Virginia and United States Senator.

John was a very beautiful boy, but of such delicate constitution that he was taken from school in the spring

of 1784, and spent the next eighteen months in the island of Bermuda. We next hear of him at Princeton in 1787, where he was "forced to be idle, being put into a noisy wretched grammar school for Dr. Witherspoon's emolument," though "ten times a better scholar than the master of it." He mentions that the prize of elocution there "was borne away by mouthers and ranters," and evidently derived but little profit from his connection with Princeton, from which place he was called away in January, 1788, by the death of his beloved mother—an event which he ever after regarded as the greatest misfortune of his life.

In June of the same year he went to Columbia College, N. Y., and was delighted with the instruction of Professor Cochran, a scholarly Irishman, whom he paid with his own pocket-money to give him private lessons. They read Demosthenes together, and it is characteristic of the future champion of State Rights that he wept with indignation at the success of Philip's schemes for crushing the Greek States beneath centralized Macedonian despotism.

To his deep distress, however, Cochran removed to Nova Scotia after three months, and the boy now began to neglect his studies. That this was a calamity he always believed, and with reason; for, while it is true that a racehorse ought not to be put to the plough, or a genius with delicate physique and electrical nerves forced through the mechanical mill of stupid pedagogical routine, it is equally certain that a few years more of systematic guidance by able teachers would have given John Ran-

dolph's intellect a balance and a steadiness that would have made him a far more efficient man than he actually became. For such guidance would not only have trained his mind, but would have curbed his will and his temper as well.

After Cochran left Columbia, the fifteen-year-old boy read "only the trash of the circulating library" and never read afterwards, he tells us, "except for amusement, unless for a few weeks at Williamsburg at the close of 1793." Surely it was a calamity that a man so brilliant should have had such a desultory schooling and should never have acquired those disciplined habits of self-control that might have enabled him to master a temper so violent that at four years of age he actually swooned in a fit of passion.

"I have been all my life," he long afterwards said, "the creature of impulse, the sport of chance, the victim of my own uncontrolled and uncontrollable sensations."

His nerves were so sensitive that he said he felt like a man with no skin; and much of his erratic and eccentric conduct was due to the fact that trifles which would have failed to penetrate even the moral epidermis of thicker-skinned men were poisoned dagger-thrusts to him.

The boy was still in New York when Washington was inaugurated, and was a witness of the ceremony. His mind was already intensely active on political questions; and, as his uncle, Theodorick Bland, had been a member of the Virginia Convention that ratified the Constitution, and was a member of the first United States Congress, as was also John's step-uncle, Thomas Tudor Tucker, his

opportunities for becoming acquainted with political principles were ample. Theodorick Bland was a disciple of Patrick Henry and George Mason, and had voted with those far-seeing statesmen against the adoption of the Constitution. John Randolph grew up to manhood, therefore, in a political atmosphere saturated with love of local liberty and jealousy of centralized power, and his mind retained this bent to the end.

In December, 1790, the seat of government was moved to Philadelphia, and we find our embryo statesman there also at the house of his cousin, the Attorney-General. It is needless to say that he also came into contact with his still greater kinsman, the Secretary of State. With what keen interest he drank in the political lessons to be derived from intercourse with so many eminent men at the very centre of affairs may well be imagined.

But, while he was a disciple of Jefferson in his strict construction of the Constitution, he could not wholly follow him and Thomas Paine in their views of the French Revolution, which was now the theme of world-wide attention. Rather was he a pupil of the profounder Burke, whose prophecies of anarchy, followed by despotism, in France were so soon to be verified.

Among Randolph's companions in Philadelphia were John W. Eppes, the only man who ever succeeded—and he but once – in defeating him for Congress; Thomas Marshall, brother of the great John Marshall; Robert Rose, who married the sister of James Madison; and Joseph Bryan of Georgia (afterwards a member of Congress).

Some of John Randolph's friends in Philadelphia were

students of medicine, and he himself attended some lectures on anatomy and physiology. If he studied law in the office of Edmund Randolph, it was to a very limited extent. He did pick up some knowledge of law from his general reading, but there is no proof of his having systematically studied it.

Reaching his majority in June, 1794, he took npon himself the management of his estate Roanoke in Charlotte Co. on the Staunton River, but resided for some years at Bizarre, in Cumberland, with his eldest brother Richard, whom he devotedly loved and admired. But, while Bizarre was his headquarters, it is not to be supposed that this brilliant young fellow, living in hospitable Virginia, settled quietly down to a humdrum existence. He rode over to Roanoke often enough to look after his estate, but spent much of his time in hunting, riding, visiting his friends, and writing to those at a distance. Few men, indeed, have ever carried on so voluminous a friendly correspondence throughout life as John Randolph. Great numbers of his letters are still extant, and throw much light upon his character and that of his time.

Two of his friends, Rutledge of South Carolina, and Bryan of Georgia, induced him to visit them early in 1796—Bryan promising him the "best Spanish segars and the best of liquors—good horses, deer hunting in perfection—good companions, that is to say, not merely bottle crackers, Jack, but good, sound, well-informed Democrats." That nevertheless a few bottles, as well as political nuts, were cracked by the jovial young blades, we gather from a subsequent letter from Joe Bryan, in

which he reminds his friend Jack that his eldest brother still remembered the *rum ducking* he had given him.

Returning to Bizarre in July, John Randolph was terribly shocked to find that his brother Richard, said to have been the most promising young man in Virginia, had died on the 14th of June, leaving a widow and two children. And not only was he called upon to bear the weight of this great sorrow, but also the responsibility of managing his brother's estate as well as his own.

The death of his brother affected John Randolph profoundly, and his sensitive and highly wrought nervous system was thrown into such disorder that his cousin, Mrs. Dudley, testified after his death that she regarded him at this time as always eccentric and sometimes insane. Her room was just over his, and she said he was the most sleepless man she ever knew—frequently throwing things about his room, exclaiming "Macbeth hath murdered sleep," or mounting his horse and riding, sword in hand, over the plantation at dead of night. But the poignancy of his grief was at length allayed, and we will pass on to the year 1799, when his active political career began.

The Constitution of the United States declares explicitly that Congress shall pass no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; the States, which made the Constitution, reserving the right to deal with such questions themselves. Yet the Federalist party, carried away by partisan rage at the violent attacks made upon its policy by the Republican press, deliberately trampled the Constitution under foot, and passed not only the Alien

Act, which gave the President the usurped power to banish foreigners obnoxious in his eyes, but also the Sedition Act, which punished with fine and imprisonment any one who should write, print, utter or publish anything in criticism of Congress or the President which partisan judges might choose to consider false, scandalous or malicious. In response to this glaring usurpation, Virginia declared through her legislature that in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous violation of the constitutional compact by the general government, the States, the parties to that compact, were in duty bound to interpose for the preservation of their liberties. Virginia's daughter, Kentucky, also asserted this doctrine in still more emphatic language.

Immense efforts were now made by the Federalists to win over to their cause the aged Patrick Henry; and their efforts were, strange to say, so successful that the man who had not hesitated to advocate the secession of the colonies from the mother country because of parliamentary taxation, the man who had opposed Virginia's ratification of the Constitution because he dreaded and predicted just such usurpations as had now taken place, was induced to take the side of congressional despotism against the liberties of the States. By what arts he was brought to this, need not here be discussed. Suffice it to say that he made a speech at Charlotte Court House in March, 1799, of such surpassing eloquence that tears are said to have flowed from many eyes at his fervid appeals for harmony and peace.

That John Randolph, a slender, beardless stripling of

twenty-six, who looked little more than sixteen, should have risen to make his first political speech in reply to the greatest orator of all time, is a most astonishing fact, and sheds much light upon his character. It shows, in the first place, that the Charleston bookseller who had seen him three years before was not far wrong in saying that he possessed "as much assumed self-consequence as any two-footed animal" he had ever seen. But it may be mentioned that Henry himself had been only twenty-seven when he had so bewitched the jury in the Parsons' Cause as to make them trample law and justice under foot. And, however rash it may have been in young Randolph to measure his strength against that of the great Revolutionary Hero, the event showed that his boldness was fully justified. For, while the prestige and eloquence of Patrick Henry insured his election to the Legislature, the power with which his youthful opponent wielded the very weapons which his "political father" had formerly forged insured his own election to Congress. That he dared to face Henry at all showed moral courage of no common order. That the audience who had just been thrilled by the magic tones of the "forest-born Demosthenes" should have even listened to the youth whom they had known before, if at all, chiefly as a dashing rider of fast horses, is sufficiently strange. But

Patrick Henry.

that they not only listened, but heeded, and elected the young speaker to Congress, is a fact that speaks volumes in proof of his commanding ability. It demonstrates also the good feeling and good sense of his constituents—"such constituents," he long afterwards called them, "as man never had before, and never will have again"—that, while honoring Patrick Henry for his past services, they nevertheless stood firm for constitutional liberty and rallied around the young defender of freedom.

John Randolph served in Congress from 1799 till 1813; was then defeated; was re-elected in 1815; declined election in 1817; returned to Congress in 1819; was elected Senator in December, 1825, and served till March, 1827; was elected in April to the House; declined election in 1829; served in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829-30; went as minister to Russia in 1830, and returned to Virginia in November, 1831; was elected to the House in 1833, but died in June.

Such is the bare chronological summary of his public services; but as lack of space forbids a detailed survey of his whole career, it seems better to treat it topically rather than in strict chronological order.

To appreciate his political views, it is necessary to glance briefly at the origin and nature of the Constitution, and to grasp firmly certain facts that are nowadays frequently ignored.

In the Continental Congresses, and also in the Congresses under the Old Constitution, or "Articles of Confederation," there were not two Houses, as at present, but only one; and in that one House each State, whatever its

population or the number of its delegates, had only one vote. Congress had no power to levy any tax whatever, but could only issue "requisitions" for amounts apportioned to the several States — which requisitions were heeded or not, exactly as the States saw fit.

Just as independent nations are accustomed, when making treaties of peace, to declare these treaties perpetual, so the Old Constitution not only twice asserted that the Union should be perpetual, but solemnly plighted and pledged the faith of the States to observe inviolably all the Articles, and make no alteration at any time in any of them, unless agreed to by Congress and confirmed by the legislatures of every State.

No language could be stronger. Each State was solemnly pledged never to leave the Union, and never to sanction any change in the Constitution unless approved by unanimous consent of the States.

Yet, evidently, all this emphatic language meant no more, and was intended to mean no more, than that used by nations when they make treaties of peace, or than a man means when he signs himself "your humble servant" at the close of a letter. The whole was but a form of words, and the thirteen sovereign States interpreted them exactly according to the good pleasure of each. The Articles proving unsatisfactory, and various proposed amendments having failed to receive unanimous consent, the legal requirement that Congress should first agree to all amendments was calmly ignored, and a "Convention" of delegates from twelve States (Rhode Island refusing to participate) was elected in 1787 to propose amendments.

In this Convention, as in Congress, each State had but one vote, and the body as a whole could do nothing whatever except submit its proposals to the consideration of each sovereign State.

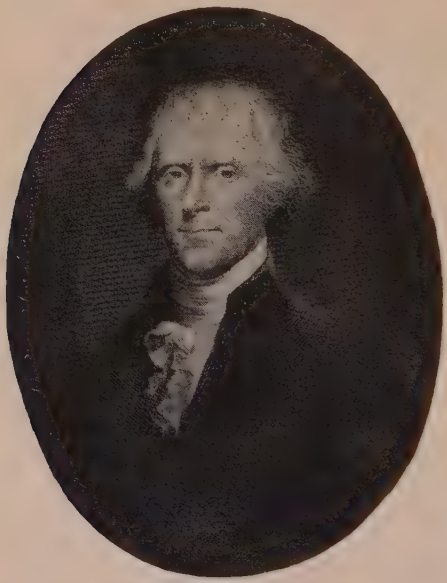
The amendments proposed, however, were so numerous and so radical as to change materially the nature of the league. Their work being done, eleven of the States deliberately seceded from the Union (in spite of the solemn pledge that it should be "perpetual,") and, leaving Rhode Island and North Carolina out in the cold, ratified the new Constitution and elected a President, Senate and House of Representatives under its provisions.

It was in 1788—'89, therefore, and not in 1860—'61, that secession first took place in this country (unless we go back to the secession of the thirteen colonies from the British Empire.)

Remembering that the Convention of 1787 had no legal authority whatever, it is evident that the chance phraseology of the mere preamble to the Constitution had no binding power. The preamble to a document is not the document itself, but merely states in general terms the objects at which the document aims.

But if there was ever a man intimately acquainted with the provisions of the Constitution, that man was John Randolph of Roanoke, who made it the business of his life to guard with eternal vigilance the liberties which it guaranteed. He was the watchful champion of the stockholders against the directors, and stood at times almost alone in denouncing the insidious encroachments which unscrupulous politicians of his own as well

as of the opposite party were ever ready to make upon the rights of the States. Ceaselessly guarding not merely the citadel, but the remotest outworks of the Constitution, he was sometimes accused of riding a hobby, by those who were ready to sacrifice a principle for a momentary advantage, or who did not know, as he did, the universal tendency of legislative bodies to use even the most trifling precedents in order to justify further usurpations.



Thomas Jefferson Late in Life.

It must be admitted, however, that even John Randolph's keen eye occasionally failed to detect the poison of centralization. Such was particularly the case with the Louisiana purchase, for which Jefferson himself admitted that he had no constitutional warrant. It is at least doubtful, however, whether Jefferson was technically correct in this opinion. The Constitution certainly grants to the President and Senate conjointly, the power to make

treaties; and it would seem, therefore, that as Louisiana was purchased in accordance with a formal treaty the act was technically constitutional. John Randolph, at least, considered it so. But, if we look to the spirit as well as to the letter of the Constitution, it may well be questioned whether the purchase of so vast a region, and the subsequent admission of numerous States carved out of that region, without the unanimous consent of the thirteen original States, were in accord with the spirit of the agreement between them. To promote the *general* welfare was the object of that agreement, not the special welfare of any particular class or section. But, as far the larger portion of the Louisiana territory was north of Mason's and Dixon's line, it is clear that the purchase of this region with money belonging to all the States, has ultimately benefited the Northern group far more than the Southern. The sentiment of devotion to State Rights, moreover, was inevitably weaker among the miscellaneous population of the new Western States, without traditions or history, than in the original thirteen. Being the creatures of the Union instead of its creators, the Western States inevitably looked more to the federal government, and were more ready to call centralized power to their aid in any project they might have in view.

Strange to say, it seemed to be thought at the time that, because the southern end of the territory was then the more populous, the Louisiana purchase was a measure hostile to the North; and when the bill for admitting the State of Louisiana to the Union was before the House in 1811, Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts declared that such

admission would be an "atrocious usurpation of power," and said: "it is my deliberate opinion, that, if this bill passes, the bonds of this union are, virtually, dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare, definitely, for a separation: amicably, if they can; violently, if they must."

At the time of the Louisiana purchase, John Randolph did not foresee its ultimate results. But when his eyes were at length opened, he candidly confessed his error, and the bitter regret he felt at having committed it.

In regard to the embargo, he has been accused of inconsistency and fickleness. It is true that, after moving, on Dec. 11, 1807 (when Jefferson's message reached the House) that an embargo be laid (which motion was tabled), he voted against the amended Senate Embargo Act ten days later. But, as the debate was secret, we do not know what reasons he gave for his opposition, while we do know that he wrote to Judge J. H. Nicholson on Dec. 24 and declared that peculiar circumstances had induced him to oppose the embargo, "otherwise a favorite measure."

Further reflection brought Randolph to the conviction that the embargo was not only inexpedient, but also unconstitutional. For, on April 7, 1808, he said:

"I ask any gentleman to point out that clause of the Constitution by which this House possesses the power of laying an embargo . . . . . The power is not to be found in the Constitution. It may be an implied power, from the power to regulate commerce; but

regulation is one thing and annihilation is another. As the Constitution prohibits us from laying a duty on exportation, *a fortiori*, we ought to be prohibited from restraining it altogether." Mr. Garland, Randolph's chief biographer, thinks he was opposed only to an indefinite embargo, but favored one for sixty or ninety days, as a preparation for war. In this he is mistaken. Just such an embargo was laid in 1812 as a war measure, but Randolph denounced it vigorously in these words:

"I have been for a pacific policy; but if we are to go to war, take off the embargo! Do not, in the style of Sangrado, deplete us by way of preparation for battle. Give us beefsteaks and porter, if we are to fight, and not water-gruel and the lancet."

The more he thought, indeed, about embargoes in every form, the more he opposed them. "We quarrelled about impressed American seamen," said he (April 7, 1808,) "and commenced a system which produced consequences, the remedy for which is an embargo; and we give up all our seamen, for they are not to be embargoed; they will slip out. Great Britain has now not only all her own seamen but a great many of ours . . . . . — and I am not surprised to learn that in England the embargo is a most popular measure; . . . . We differ about some seamen, and we give them all up. We differ about a particular branch of trade, and we give up all trade. We surrender to Great Britain all the commerce of the world, and what more can she ask? . . . . . I therefore am not one of those who approve the embargo; . . . . commerce and agriculture are lingering and must die, un-

der its operation." And again: "The operation of the embargo is to furnish rogues with an opportunity of getting rich at the expense of honest men . . . . . you are teaching your merchants . . . . to disregard their oath for the sake of profit."

On Feb. 3, 1809, he expressed the "belief that the popularity of no man whom God ever made, could have endured the test which that of the present President of the United States has not merely endured, but gone through with victory. There could not have been so strong a proof of the deep-seated love, and unqualified approbation of that man, as his having been politically able to support the weight of that experiment. . . . . But it is asked, what substitute would I propose for the embargo. None . . . . Shall a man refuse to be cured of a cancer unless you will provide him with a *substitute?* But if I were asked what the nation is to do after repealing the embargo? my answer is ready. . . . . France claims the power to issue certain decrees, on the ground of England's having usurped the empire of the ocean. You resist that usurpation. Those decrees, then, are not in any respect applicable to you; for I understand your non-resistance to be the sole *alleged* cause of those decrees. England retaliates the system—why? Because, as she says, you do not resist it. France issues the decrees because you do not resist (as she alleges) the British orders—England issues her orders because you do not resist the French decrees. Now, I would resist both, and if either construe that resistance (which they have both called upon you to make) into war, and do notwithstanding, capture your

armed ships, why then, sir, you have nothing left but to annoy them by every means in your power." "I look upon the embargo as the most fatal measure that ever happened in this country—as the most calamitous event . . . . . we have lifted the veil which concealed our weakness—we have exposed our imbecility. The veil of the temple of the Constitution is rent in twain; the nakedness of the fathers of the country, has been exposed to their unnatural, impious children. That is our situation. You never can redeem it. The Constitution has received a wound that ages cannot heal."

From December, 1801, till March, 1807, John Randolph was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, being appointed by Nathaniel Macon, the Speaker, a man whose sterling character and sound sense so attracted Randolph, that they became warm and life-long friends—Randolph mentioning Macon in his last will as "the best and purest and wisest man I ever knew." Macon, like Randolph, was a strict constructionist of the Constitution and an ardent adherent of Republican principles—principles which Randolph declared to be: "Love of peace, hatred of offensive war; jealousy of the State Governments towards the General Government, and the influence of the Executive Government over the co-ordinate branches of that Government; a dread of standing armies; a loathing of public debt, taxes and excises; tenderness for the liberty of the citizen; jealousy, Argus-eyed jealousy, of the patronage of the President . . . . . Principle does not consist in names. Federalism is a real thing—not a spectre, a shadow, a phantom. It is a liv

ing addition to the power of the General Government, in preference to the power of the States; partiality for the Executive power, in distinction to that of the co-ordinate Departments of the Government; the support of great military and naval forces, and of an 'energetic' administration of the Government. That is what is called Federalism. . . . . I care not with whom I vote; I will be true to my principles."

Such were the principles of the two parties; and Randolph, who greatly admired his illustrious kinsman, Jefferson, co-operated heartily and efficiently with the President for four or five years. In spite of an education little tending to fit him for the arduous and prosaic labors of the Ways and Means Committee, he was an active, energetic and alert chairman—preparing his estimates with care, and meeting hostile critics in debate, with clear reasoning or pungent wit. And not only was he chairman of this all-important standing committee, but was very frequently a member, sometimes chairman, of select committees on various subjects, and exercised his keen and penetrating intellect upon nearly every question of importance. Sneers have sometimes been levelled at him because he fathered little positive legislation. But those who sneer for such a reason have no understanding of his principles. In his view of both constitutionality and expediency, the business of Congress was simply to make the absolutely necessary appropriations for a strictly economical administration of a government with the fewest possible functions. He believed in the capacity of men to take care of themselves without being either coddled

John Randolph, at 33 Years of Age.
From the Original Painting by Gilbert Stuart

or meddled with by lawgivers. "For my part," said he in 1822, "I wish we could have done nothing but talk, unless, indeed, we had gone to sleep, for many years past; . . . . give me fifty speeches, I care not how dull or stupid, rather than one law on the statute book."

All magnificent schemes for spending money and opening the doors to jobbery, all meddlesome interference with the laws of trade or the liberties of the citizen all Jingoism and humbug humanitarianism were intolerable in his eyes.

Feeling "Argus-eyed jealousy" of executive patronage, and knowing how easy it is for Emperor, King or President to bribe members of the Legislature by giving them the disposal of offices, he wished to reduce the number of these to a minimum. In accordance with which principle he succeeded in repealing the internal taxes, not only because they had led to such troubles as the Whiskey Rebellion, but also because their collection requires far more officials than that of import duties.

And so, too, in regard to the reduction of the army and navy. They are expensive; they magnify the power of the executive; and they are dangerous to civil liberty. Hence he believed that they should be kept strictly down to a minimum. Large armies and navies tempt nations into unnecessary wars, not only because of a natural desire to experiment with these costly instruments after once creating them, but because it is the interest of the officers to promote war in order to gain opportunities for glory and promotion.

Randolph's first speech of appreciable length in Con-

gress was made on Jan. 9, 1800, in favor of reducing the army.

"I oppose the establishment of a standing army in this country, not only as a useless and enormous expense, but upon the ground of the Constitution. The spirit of that instrument and the genius of a free people are equally hostile to this dangerous institution, which ought to be resorted to (if at all) only in extreme cases of difficulty and danger. . . . . If ever a hostile nation should be rash enough to attempt an invasion of these States, it is upon the militia that we must rely for the defense of their own rights and everything that is dear to man. . . . . I did hope, sir, that our remote distance from the great disturbers of human repose, would have permitted us to be exempted from those perpetual alarms, those armings and counter-armings, which have raised the national debt of Britain to its present astonishing amount, and which sends her laborers supperless to bed. . . . . .

"Our citizens are confident in their strength; they know themselves to be capable of protecting their own property and liberties; they do not want their noses to be held to the grindstone to pay protectors."

Twelve years later he said:

"Let not gentlemen deceive themselves—the army of the present day is not the army of the Revolution General Wilkinson is not General Washington. A more corrupt military body never existed than the Praetorian band . . . . . There are in the Army many worthy, gallant spirits; but, taken in the mass, it is cankered to the core. I recollect the evidence which I was compelled

to take in the trial of Aaron Burr. I know by whom Burr was received, and supplied with arms out of the public stores, with aids—orderly sergeants, I believe, they were called—and I have seen these very persons since promoted."

On April 4, 1808, he opposed increasing the regular army, declaring that in case of invasion the additional force proposed (6000 men) was wholly inadequate, and that reliance must be placed upon the militia; and the next day he said:

"The system of embargo is one system, withdrawing from every conquest, quitting the arena, flying the pit; the system of raising troops and fleets of whatever sort, is another, and opposite to that dormant state.. . . . . This system of expensive Military Establishment . . . does not comport with your system of no commerce. They are at war with each other and cannot go on together; . . My worthy friend from Georgia [Troup] has said that the tigress, prowling for food for her young, may steal upon you in the night. I would as soon attempt to fence a tiger out of my plantation with a four-railed fence, as to fence out the British navy with this force. It is because she may come in the night and choose her point of attack, that this force is incompetent; for that very reason, sir, you ought to be prepared; not with 6000 men, but with every man, at every point."

His opinion of the class of men that enlisted in the regular army was very low, and he had created a great stir by speaking of them as "ragamuffins" in Jan., 1800. Eight years later he said: "The regular army consists

not of men like the militia, but of the scouring of jails and lazarettos, not your own merely, but of Europe." And again; "A standing army is the death of which all Republics have died."

For the militia he had a high regard, as being the citizens themselves in arms for the defense of their own liberties; and on Dec. 16, 1811, he said:

"I will ever uphold the militia; and I detest standing armies, as the profligate instruments of despotism. . . . . They will support any and every existing Government. In all history I remember only one instance of their deserting their Government and taking part with the people; and that was when the Duke of Orleans had bribed the army of the last of the Bourbon kings. A mercenary soldier is disgusting to the eye of reason, republicanism, and religion. Yet, that 'mere machine of murder,' rude as it is, has been the manufacturer of all the Cæsars and Cromwells, and Bonapartes of the earth; . . . . . Are we to forget as chimerical, our notions of this institution, which we imbibed from our very cradles, which are imprinted on our Bills of Rights and Constitutions, which we avowed under the reign of John Adams? Are they to be scourged out of us by the birch of the unfledged political pedagogues of the day?"

And in 1816 he said that nothing was so likely to lead the country into war "as an overgrown Military Establishment. Military men were fond of glory, the constituent elements of which were blood and taxes; . . . , . . . Before another three and twenty years should elapse, there

would be another harvest of glory to be reaped; and the same song would be sung over and over again, till at last it would fare with the United States, as it fared with Great Britain, who was saddled with a debt which sent her laborers at night supperless to bed."

His views of the navy were similar. It is true that on April 17, 1802, he said he "did not desire to starve the navy;" that he said at a time (Oct. 14, 1804, when British frigates were searching American vessels for contraband goods and British deserters, that he would vote a naval force to blow these frigates out of the water; and that two days later he told the House that our navy ought to be used for defending our ports, even though annihilated in repelling British insults. It may be that he had not yet carefully looked into the maritime code of international law; or it may be that he was at this time merely angry, as Mr. Henry Adams says, and had forgotten his principles.

But at all events he was for many years afterwards uniformly opposed, for various reasons, to increasing the navy. As a matter of course, for example, he opposed Jefferson's astounding scheme of keeping our few ships of war in the Eastern Branch and building a "mosquito fleet" of infinitesimal gunboats, to be carefully hauled ashore and kept under sheds in time of peace, while each was to be manned by from five to seven militiamen and a single gun in time of war. In regard to this scheme, Randolph declared that it was no time "to make ducks and drakes" of the people's dollars, "to waste them in mill-pond projects of childish amusement." In 1810 he said:

"I have ever believed that the people of the United States were destined to become, at some period or other, a great Naval Power. . . . . But I believe, if anything could retard or eventually destroy it—if anything could strangle in the cradle, the infant Hercules of the American Navy—it would be the very injudicious mode in which that power has been attempted to be prematurely brought into action, and kept in action, during the last administrations. Again, a Naval Power necessarily grows out of tonnage and seamen. We have not only driven away our tonnage, but have exerted ourselves with no little zeal, even at this very session, to prevent its ever coming back. We have not been willing to consent that vessels polluted by the unpardonable sin of a breach of the embargo should return. . . . . .

"Sir, shall we keep up an expensive Naval Establishment, necessarily driving us into loans and taxes, for the protection of a commerce which the Government itself says we shall not carry on; and when members of this House tell us that the natural protection of commerce is the annihilation of it? . . . . . We were told that our fleet might be *Copenhagened*, and that it was therefore necessary to stow it away here. . . . . But, sir, if our object really be to prevent our fleet from being Copenhagened, we had better put it above the Falls of Niagara. . . . . We are to have a navy for the protection of commerce, and all our measures in relation to it are calculated on the basis of keeping it (poor thing! like some sickly child) out of harm's way! . . . . . I had forgotten the gunboats; . . . Children must have toys and baubles,

and we must indulge ourselves in an expense of many millions on this ridiculous plaything!"

Like others, Randolph was thrilled, however, by the brilliant achievements of our navy in the war of 1812, and did not proclaim, as the pious Massachusetts Legislature did, that "it did not become a religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits not immediately defensive." But he fully recognized the folly of the war, and was entirely capable of doing justice to the British. For, on Dec. 9, 1812, after complimenting the gallantry of our sailors, he proceeded to assert the right of England to seize her deserters, and asked what would have happened, had a certain Benedict Arnold been captured by the Americans. A month later he said:

"But it may be said that . . . . if a search of our ships be permitted for British seamen, they may actually take American seamen. Sir, there is no doubt of the fact that by mistake, sometimes by wilful misconduct, on the part of officers engaged in the search, such a thing may happen. But, should we not think it exceedingly strange that the misconduct of an officer of the American Government, in one case in twenty if you will, should be a cause of war for any nation against us? . . . . . One thing is certain; that the right of search does practically exist, and has been acknowledged by all nations."

One of Jefferson's ideas in wishing to keep our warships in the Eastern Branch was that they "would be under the immediate eye of the department, and would require but one set of plunderers to take care of them."

So far as this desire to minimize the supply of federal pap was concerned, Randolph heartily agreed with him. In opposition, e. g., to Calhoun's plan for a great navy, he said, Jan. 16, 1816:

"He may vote the money as a patriot, if he follows that vote through all the different ramifications of its execution, he will find it in sinecure pockets, or given for rotten timber; he will find it by the right hand, received from the Treasury by the navy agent of the Government, and he will find it paid with the left hand into the pocket of the same agent—that virtuous man will not let his left hand know what his right hand doeth . . . . . as to the plunderers of the public, I meet them on the avenue as familiarly as the lords in England, are said to meet the blacklegs at the gaming table—I see them rising from nothing by the stilts of fat contracts into sumptuous palaces."

Such being Randolph's views concerning the army and navy, aggressive war was necessarily an abomination in his eyes—not the least objection to it being that he regarded it as utterly unconstitutional. The Constitution empowers Congress "to provide for the common *defence* and general welfare of the *United States*." It grants no power whatever for offensive attack upon other countries, or for defending and providing for the welfare of predatory banditti in the provinces of foreign powers. "I declare in the face of day," said Randolph, "that this Government was not instituted for the purposes of foreign war . . . . . I call that offensive war, which goes out of our jurisdiction and limits for the attainment or protec-

tion of objects, not within those limits and that jurisdiction. As in 1798 I was opposed to this species of warfare, because I believed it would raze the Constitution to its very foundation – so, in 1806, I am opposed to it, and on the same grounds. . . . . I fear if you go into a foreign war, for a circuitous unfair carrying trade, you will come out without your Constitution. Have not you contractors enough yet in this House? Or do you want to be overrun and devoured by commissaries, and all the vermin of contract? I fear, sir, that what are called "the energy men' will rise up again—men who will burn the parchment. We shall be told that . . . . we must give the President power to call forth the resources of the nation. That is, to filch the last shilling from our pockets—to drain the last drop of blood from our veins.

"I am against giving this power to any man, be he who he may. The American people must either withhold this power, or resign their liberties. . . . . For my part, I will never go to war but in self-defence. I have no desire for conquests—no ambition to possess Nova Scotia. I hold the liberties of this people at a higher rate."

"We have it in our power to remain free and at peace. Our firesides are safe. Our ports and harbors may be defended; but we have imbibed a portion of that spirit which lost the angels their seat in heaven. We are about to throw aside our peaceful state and mingle in the dreadful conflict of European ambition and disorder."

Not only the war of 1812 itself, but the whole series of non-importation, embargo and non-intercourse acts,

which, though intended to avoid the war, in reality led up to it, were bitterly opposed by Randolph.

Opposing Gregg's resolution for non-importation of English goods, he said on March 5, 1806: "If war is nec-

The Battle of New Orleans—The Decisive Battle in the War of 1812.

essary—if we have reached this point—let us have war. But while I have life, I will never consent to these incipient war measures, which, in their commencement breathe nothing but peace, though they plunge us at last into war." And in reference to Gregg's wild claim that we were an over-match for Great Britain on the sea, he said in that tone of supercilious scorn which made him so many enemies:

"It is mere waste of time to reason with such persons. They do not deserve anything like serious refutation. The proper arguments for such statesmen are a straight waistcoat, a dark room, water gruel and depletion." And in the same powerful speech he asked: "What is the question in dispute? The carrying trade. What part of it? . . . . . that carrying trade which covers enemy's property, and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West India products to the mother country. . . . . It is not for the honest carrying trade of America, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war—for a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace, will no longer exist, it is for this that the spirit of avaricious traffic would plunge us into war. . . . .

"I deem it no sacrifice of dignity to say to the Leviathan of the deep—we are unable to contend with you in your own element, but if you come within our actual limits, we will shed our last drop of blood in their defence. . . . . I am averse to a naval war with any nation whatever. . . . . What! shall this great mammoth of the American forest leave his native element, and plunge into the water in a mad contest with the shark? Let him beware that his proboscis is not bitten off in the engagement."

Continuing the next day, he said: "But I am asked if we shall submit to a tame and dastardly abandonment of our rights; and by those, too, who have made a cowardly surrender of our best interests and our honor, when we were well able to maintain them? I beg leave to reply to this question by another: Are you prepared to assert

them; to go all lengths to enforce them? In what consists true dignity? In vaporing in the newspapers? In printed handbills and resolutions? Or in taking ground which you can and will maintain; which no change of fortune shall compel you to desert? . . . . . And what constitutes false dignity? Playing the part of a Bobadil—bullying England and truckling to Spain—I beg pardon, there is *no* Spain—bullying England and truckling to France. . . . . With all their bravery, many a man who would willingly meet the corsairs, or even the Dons and Monsieurs, would feel reluctant to be led to battle against a British fleet—and why, sir? Because, waiving other considerations, a great proportion of our seamen are foreigners—natives of Great Britain—who still feel prejudices for their parent country. . . . . .

"If you want war, there is no doubt that you may have it. Great Britain will not submit to all the hardships and mischiefs of war, because you choose to call it peace. She will prefer open war to war in disguise; and I, sir, have no hesitation in saying that I am for no half-measures. . . . . I abhor this political quackery."

Eight days later: "I say I am unwilling to grasp at a shadow and lose the substance—to jeopardize the whole commerce of the United States in a vain attempt to engross the commerce of the world. . . . . But gentlemen reiterate the question, Will you do nothing? I have always thought it better to remain idle than to do what would be worse than nothing. But I would take this course: I would remonstrate with Great Britain; I would tell her of the wrongs done to the American people; I

would tell her how absurd it was for her, under existing circumstances, to compel us to throw our weight into the scale of her enemy; I would put this question home to her, Are you mad enough to increase the number of your enemies?"

More than six years later, when the crisis was approaching, he said: "I know not how gentlemen, calling themselves Republicans, can advocate such a war. What was their doctrine in 1798-9, when the command of the army . . . . . was reposed in the bosom of the Father of his Country, the sanctuary of a nation's love, the only hope that never came in vain! . . . . . Republicans were then unwilling to trust a standing army, even to his hands who had given proof that he was above all human temptation. Where now is the Revolutionary hero to whom you are about to confide this sacred trust? To whom will you confide the charge of leading the flower of our youth to the Heights of Abraham? . . . . . Those who opposed the army then were indeed denounced as the partisans of France; just as the same men—some of them at least—are now held up as the advocates of England; those firm and undeviating Republicans, who then dared, and now dare, to cling to the ark of the Constitution, to defend it even at the expense of their fame, rather than surrender themselves to the wild projects of mad ambition. . . . . .

"This war of conquest, a war for the acquisition of territory and subjects, is to be a new commentary on the doctrine that Republics are destitute of ambition—that they are addicted to peace, wedded to the happiness and

safety of the great body of their people. But it seems this is to be a holiday campaign—there is to be no expense of blood or treasure, on our part—Canada is to conquer herself—she is to be subdued by the principles of fraternity. The people of that country are first to be seduced from their allegiance, and converted into traitors, as preparatory to the making them good citizens. . . . .

"I am not surprised at the war spirit which is manifesting itself in gentlemen from the South."

Chair from Randolph's House. Now in Libby Prison War Museum, Chicago.

On Feb. 25, 1812, he said: "No man who hears me will say that we have any cause of war now, that we had not eighteen months ago. . . . . If our Treasury be empty, it is owing to our own acts. Repeal your non-importation act. Do away with your whole restrictive system—and, rather than do this, will this House plunge this nation into a foreign war, contrary to the public sentiment? Contrary to the wishes of many of those who are within the hearing of my voice, who may be pushed into a vote, which they wish, if possible, to avoid?"

On May 6 he refers thus to the "yellow journals" of his time: "The war spirit is principally stimulated at this moment by those who have escaped from the tyranny

(or justice, as it may be termed), of the British Government, long since the war of independence. Almost every leading press in the United States is conducted by persons of that description . . . . . who, in resentment of the wrongs they have recently received from the Irish and British Governments, are now goading us to war; talking about American spirit; the spirit of our Revolution; and of tarring and feathering the 'Tories,' as they have the matchless audacity to term the Whigs of the Revolution. . . . . I have no hesitation in averring that, if the session was to go over again, those gentlemen who have, from a yielding disposition, or a respect for the opinions of their violent friends, been swept down the current, would make an efficient and manly resistance; for I see no one, unless it be a very few, some one or two individuals for whom I profess to have the highest esteem, who will not be glad to get out of the scrape. But they have advanced to the brink of a precipice, and not left themselves room to turn."

On Jan. 13, 1813, he said: "I rise with a heart saddened by the disgrace of our common country, and sickened by the way in which the business of the State has been managed. . . . . The war in Europe brought to this country, among other birds of passage, a ravenous flock of neutralized carriers, which interposed the flag of neutrality, not only between the property, but even between the persons of the two belligerent Powers; and it was their clamor principally, aided by the representations of those of our merchants who saw and wished to participate in the gains of such a commerce, that the first step was

taken in that policy of restriction, which it was then foreseen would lead to the disastrous condition in which we now find ourselves. Yes, it was then foreseen and foretold. What was then prophesied is now history. It is so. 'You,' said the prophet, 'are prospering beyond all human example. You, favorites of Almighty God, while all the rest of the world are scourged, and ravaged, and desolated by war, are about to enter upon a policy called preventive of war; a policy which comes into this House in the garb of peace, but which must end in war.' And in war it *has* ended."

But let us return to Randolph's earlier career. With Jefferson's wise policy of economy and debt-reduction he was in thorough accord. "No man," said he, Jan 12, 1807, "is more an advocate for the speedy reduction of the national debt than I am, but I wish the reduction of the debt, and the repeal of the taxes, to go on together. I hope to see the time when all the taxes of the General Government shall be repealed, except a small advalorem duty of five per cent."

Furious at Jefferson's election to the presidency, the Federalists had determined to utilize the time left them before his inauguration in establishing a number of new federal judgeships. Naturally indignant at this scheme for entrenching the defeated party in a lot of life-tenure sinecures, Jefferson determined that the useless offices, hastily filled by John Adams's so-called "midnight" appointments, should be abolished. Randolph seconded him ably in the House, and, in reply to the Federalist contention that Congress had no constitutional power to

remove a judge during good behavior, he said:

"Gentlemen have not, they cannot meet the distinction between removing the judges from office for the purpose of putting in another person, and abolishing an office, because it is useless or oppressive. Suppose the collectors of your taxes held their offices by the tenure of good behavior, would the abolition of your taxes have been an infraction of that tenure?"

And with delicate discrimination and cogent logic he continued: "I am free to declare, that if the intent of this bill is to get rid of the judges, it is a perversion of your power to a base purpose; it is an unconstitutional act. If, on the contrary, it aims not at the displaciug one set of men, from whom you differ in political opinion, with a view to introduce others, but at the general good by abolishing useless offices, it is a constitutional act. The *quo animo* determines the nature of this act, as it determines the innocence or guilt of other acts. . . . . If you are precluded from passing this law, lest depraved men make it a precedent to destroy the independence of your Judiciary, do you not concede that a desperate faction, finding themselves about to be dismissed from the confidence of their country, may pervert the power of erecting courts, to provide . . . . for their adherents and themselves?"

These clear and forcible arguments prevailed; and the new judicial offices were abolished. Moreover, Judge Pickering was impeached for drunkenness and violence on the bench and removed. So far, the course of Jefferson and Randolph had been wise and proper. But the im-

peachment of Judge Chase was a blunder. Chase richly deserved condemnation, it is true; and it is possible that (as Randolph thought), the impeachment might have succeeded, had it been tried three years sooner. It might possibly have succeeded also, had Randolph confined himself to arraigning Chase simply for his partisan stump speeches from the bench. But, being no lawyer, and committing the mistake of making other charges that involved legal technicalities, Randolph was no match for the professional acumen of Luther Martin, the "bull-dog of federalism."

It was Jefferson who had privately suggested the impeachment, but it was Randolph who boldly and publicly undertook it. All circumstances considered, he made a good fight. But his failure was complete. His defeat, moreover, left the judiciary stronger than ever; and John Marshall soon began to issue from the supreme bench those decisions which have tended so much toward consolidation. With his usual keen insight Randolph had foreseen this danger, and had said, as early as Dec., 1803:

"If I were to point out the part of this Constitution which tends to consolidation, I should lay my hand on the Judiciary. The giving to that department jurisdiction not only under Federal laws, but cases between man and man, arising under the laws of a State, where one of the parties is a foreigner, or citizen of another State, and even between citizens of the same State under the bankrupt system, is the strongest feature of consolidation in this Government."

In January he asked: "Has it come to this, that an

unrighteous judge may condemn whom he pleases to an ignominious death, without a hearing, in the teeth of the Constitution and laws, and that such proceedings should find advocates here? Shall we be told that judges have certain rights, and whatever the Constitution or laws may declare to the contrary we must continue to travel in the go-cart of precedent, and the injured remain unredressed?"—In spite of illness and lack of legal training, the speech in which he opened Chase's trial before the Senate was not unworthy of the great orator.

Here are a few specimen sentences: "I ask this honorable Court whether the prostitution of the bench of justice, to the purpose of an hustings, is to be tolerated? We have nothing to do with the politics of the *man*. Let him speak, and write, and publish, as he pleases. This is his right in common with his fellow-citizens. The press is free. If he must electioneer and abuse the Government under which he lives, I know no law to prevent or punish him, provided he seeks the wonted theatres for his exhibition. But shall a judge declaim on these topics from his seat of office? Shall he not put off the political partisan when he ascends the tribune? or shall we have the pure stream of public justice polluted with the venom of party virulence?"

After the acquittal of Chase, Randolph moved a constitutional amendment empowering the President to remove federal judges from office upon the joint address of the two Houses. Nor does his failure to have the amendment adopted prove the plan to have been unwise. It is the English mode of getting rid of incompetent or un-

worthy judges, and works well. John Randolph loathed corruption in every form; and his keen insight into the various aspects under which it may show itself, appears plainly in the following reply to Smilie of Pennsylvania, who had asked whether Congress was indeed so corrupt.

"The gentleman ought to know," said Randolph, "there are different sorts of corruption. There is a corruption of interest, that is number one; there is a corruption of timidity, which consists in men not saying what they think, that is number two; there is a corruption of Court influence—of party—and there is a corruption, which, though last is not least, the corruption of irreconcilable, personal animosity—a corruption which will engage a man to go all lengths to injure him whom he hates and despises, or rather, whom he cannot despise, because he hates."

In Randolph's ear the very word *caucus* had a hateful sound, and he would have cut his own throat sooner than sacrifice a political or moral principle to party expediency. His contempt for the man who, in obedience to the party lash, advocates a policy contrary to his convictions, was withering and without bounds.

To the average congressman who spends his time, not in studying those great economic and political questions of which his ignorance is so profound, but in providing his henchmen with federal offices, it will be a revelation to learn that Randolph declared (Dec. 13, 1816), that he "would never compromise himself so far in his individual character, much less as a member of this House, as to ask

of the Executive the appointment or removal, to or from any office of any individual;" and that, alluding, in the Virginia Convention of 1829-30, to recommendations for federal office, he exclaimed: "Thank God no man ever dared to approach me, for my name to one of them."

It was not by constructing a "machine" in his district, or by "mending his political fences" that he was elected again and again by his faithful constituents. Nor can we credit the idle gossip, which indicated that his success was due to alternate terrorism and flattery. The truth is that he cared little whether he was elected or not. Twice he positively declined election, and more than once he yielded reluctantly to the wishes of constituents proud of a representative of such brilliant abilities, and of integrity so unbending that he would have gone to the stake rather than betray his trust or palter with the truth.

Once only—on account of his courageous opposition to the war of 1812—was he beaten, and then only by a man imported into his district for the purpose, and supported by the whole weight of the war party outside. Randolph fought hard in this campaign, and one of his hearers declared himself to have been swept along by his passionate eloquence "like a feather on the bosom of a cataract." But the outside pressure was too strong, and he was beaten, because too sternly honest to yield to popular clamor.

Randolph's hatred of corruption shone conspicuous in his treatment of the infamous "Yazoo" frauds. It was during his visit to Joseph Bryan that Georgia was ringing with denunciation of the corrupt legislature that had recently been bribed by four land companies to grant

them, for a mere song, many millions of acres in the territory from which the States of Alabama and Mississippi have since been carved.

When the gigantic swindle became public, the grand jury of every county but two declared the act unconstitutional; and the next legislature, having an "Anti-Yazoo" majority, did the same, and revoked the sale as null and void—the act being burnt by the common hangman, and expunged from the statute book. But, in spite of this, the fraudulent title to the land was bought up by the New England and Mississippi Land Co., (consisting largely of Northern speculators), which, after Georgia had ceded the land in question to the United States, petitioned Congress to pay them for it.

At the head of this nefarious scheme was Gideon Granger, the Postmaster General, who actually had the effrontery to act as the company's agent in presenting the claim to Congress.

Madison, Gallatin and Levi Lincoln, being appointed to investigate the matter, reported in favor of a compromise. But Randolph set his face like flint against it.

That Granger and the congressmen whom he bribed with post-office contracts, as well as others who had stock in the land company, were furious at Randolph's fierce resistance to their rascality goes without saying. Granger made a tour of New England to organize a party to pull down Randolph; and Barnabas Bidwell, a Massachusetts congressman, became the leader of this Yazoo faction.

To defy "a combination of northern democrats, federa-

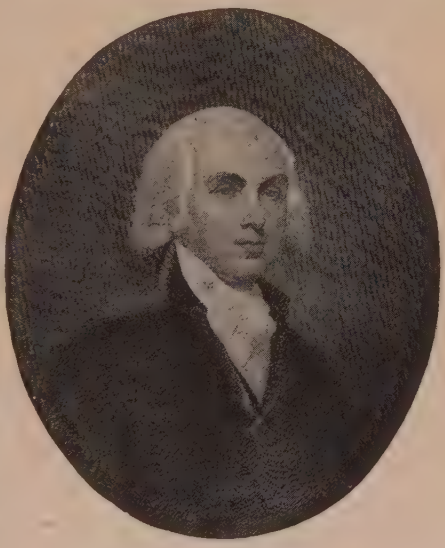
lists, and executive influence" was a thing which "required no little courage," as Henry Adams admits, "and if there were selfish or personal motives behind his action they are not to be seen." Moreover, "he won his single-handed battle; the path of compromise was blocked, and he himself was now a great political power, for never before had any man, living or dead, fought such a fight in Congress and won it" Not till 1814, when he had lost his seat, did the Yazoo men succeed in securing their prey.

The Yazoo struggle was the first thing which brought Randolph into collision with the administration; but the foreign policy of the latter was soon to provoke such hostile criticism from him that an irremediable breach was the result. The boundaries of Louisiana being vague and undefined, disputes had arisen with Spain, and the United States had taken possession of Mobile.

Further disputes arising which diplomacy failed to settle, and parties of Spaniards having actually trespassed upon the Mississippi territory, President Jefferson sent a warlike message to Congress on Dec. 3, 1805, but followed it up three days later by a secret message, saying that, while formal war might not be necessary, yet "force should be interposed to a certain degree," and that an appropriation of money was necessary. But the President made no recommendation of any definite action; throwing the responsibility upon Congress.

In the secret debate on this message Randolph is said to have made the "ablest and most eloquent speech ever heard on the floor of Congress," and the message was re-

ferred to a select committee of which he was chairman. Calling on the President, he learned to his surprise that two millions were wanted towards purchasing Florida. But not only was Randolph opposed to this for other reasons; but, having once already shielded Jefferson from responsibility by taking the initiative in the Chase impeachment, he now frankly told the President that he declined having the responsibility for the latter's plans again shifted to his shoulders.



James Madison.

Not long afterwards he saw Secretary Madison, who told him that France would not permit Spain to adjust her differences with us; that France wanted money, and that we must give it to her, or have a Spanish and French war.

Having long distrusted Madison, Randolph was now indignant at being called upon, as leader of the House, to father what he regarded as the utterly unworthy scheme of allowing France to blackmail us into bribing her to bully Spain.

"Good morning, sir!" he therefore abruptly exclaimed

to the Secretary, "I see I am not calculated for a politician."

Scorning to stoop to methods which he held dishonorable, and defying the administration, it is not strange that his influence waned. But he was by no means politically dead; or, if so, was an uncommonly vigorous corpse, and made things extremely hot for the administration.

"I have before protested, and I again protest," said he on March 5, 1806, "against secret, irresponsible, overruling influence. . . . . I speak of back-stairs influence—of men who bring messages to this House, which, although they do not appear on the Journals, govern its decisions. . . . . Let not the master [Jefferson] and mate [Madison] go below when the ship is in distress, and throw the responsibility upon the cook and the cabin-boy. I said so when your doors were shut; I scorn to say less now that they are open. Gentlemen may say what they please. They may put an insignificant individual to the ban of the Republic—I shall not alter my course."

Randolph strongly opposed the candidacy of Madison for the Presidency, and ardently advocated that of Monroe, who was glad to have his help, so long as there seemed a prospect of success, but promptly dropped him after Madison's election and his own elevation to the Secretaryship of State—conduct which Randolph naturally resented.

The embargo had been a long step toward centralization; and not only the war of 1812, but the other measures of Madison's and Monroe's administrations carried

the country in the same direction. The truth is that the party of strict construction and State Rights soon tossed its principles to the winds and gave itself up to the enjoyment of power. But, as time went on, Randolph more and more opposed federal usurpation in every shape, and lost no opportunity to taunt the time-serving politicians of his party with their inconsistency.

James Monroe.

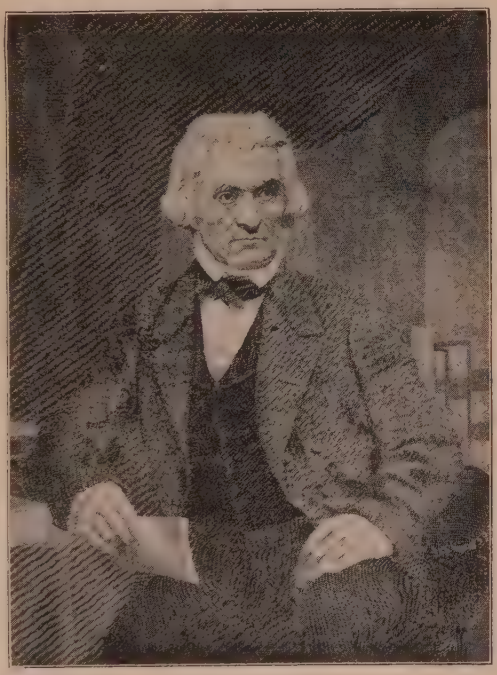
"In the course of my political experience," said he in 1809, "I have found but two parties in all states—the *ins* and *outs;* the *ins* desirous so to construe the charter of the Government as to give themselves the greatest possible degree of patronage and wealth; and the *outs* striving so to construe it as to circumscribe—what? Their own power? No, sir; their adversaries' power. But let the *outs* get in, and lay hold of the artillery of Government, and you will find their Constitutional scruples and arguments vanish like dew before the morning sun. No, sir; I have no faith in the declarations of par-

ties, and, if we mean to guard the liberties of this State, we must watch the *ins*, be they who they may, be they Federalists or be they Republicans."

The Bank question was one of those on which Republican principles were abandoned. Jefferson and Madison had both argued that the charter of a bank by the federal government was unconstitutional, and they were right. Congress does have power to pass all laws "necessary and proper" to the carrying out of the powers specifically granted to it. But it is sheer nonsense to say that the old United States Bank—useful though it was—was necessary to the performance of the government's fiscal functions. Food is necessary to the preservation of human life, but no special forms of food, as oysters or ice cream, are necessary; and the simple fact that the United States have actually enjoyed great prosperity during much of their history without a national bank, is proof that such a bank is not a necessity.

The bank's charter expired in 1811, and Henry Clay's argument against a re-charter was simply overwhelming, while his right-about-face in 1816 was sophistry of the worst kind. But the war with England had vastly increased the forces of centralization, and the charter was granted. And what is more, Madison (who, being in power, was now a centralizer,) signed the bill—Madison, who had argued against its constitutionality with a force thus afterwards described by Randolph: "He, in that masterly and unrivalled report in the Legislature of Virginia, which is worthy to be the text-book of every American statesman, has settled this question. . . . . But, sir,

I cannot but deplore—my heart aches when I think of it—that the hand which erected that monument of political wisdom, should have signed the act to incorporate the present Bank of the United States."



John C. Calhoun.

Of course Randolph also opposed the schemes of Clay and Calhoun for vast internal improvements by federal agency. For many years the power "to establish post-roads" had meant simply the power to designate the existing roads over which mail should be carried. But the consolidationists now discovered that they could juggle with this phrase and make it mean to *construct* roads, canals, and pretty much anything else. Randolph opposed all this both on grounds of unconstitutionality and because it opened up a boundless field for corrupt jobbery.

"Figure to yourself," said he, "a committee of this House determining on some road, and giving out the contracts to the members of both Houses of Congress, or to their friends, etc. Sir, if I had strength, I could show . . . . . that the Asiatic plunder of Leadenhall street has not been more corrupting to the British Government than the exercise of such a power as this would prove to us." Those gigantic modern swindles, the river and harbor bills, prove the sagacity of his words.

That great political prophet, Patrick Henry, had warned the people of his State that Congress would not confine itself to the powers enumerated in the Constitution, but would claim all sorts of "implied" powers as well; and the ink upon the parchment was hardly dry before his prediction was fulfilled and the monstrous principle that Peter may be legally robbed to pay Paul was embodied in the tariff bill of 1789.

But, although the fatal principle was recognized in the very title of this "Act for the encouragement and protection of manufactures," still the highest advalorem duty was fifteen per cent, and the main object of the act was revenue. But when the embargo and the war of 1812 had well-nigh destroyed American commerce and diverted much capital into manufactures, and when the restoration of peace had exposed the latter to the competition of English goods, the manufacturers besieged Congress with petitions for legalized permission to take money from the pockets of other people and transfer it to their own. Then and there these mendicants should have been informed that, having put their capital into manu-

factures of their own free will, knowing that neither the embargo nor the war would last forever, and having, moreover, reaped enormous profits during the stoppage of intercourse with England, they must now be content to stand on their own feet without federal props. But even then the hirelings of the lobby were mightier than the unorganized mass of citizens, and skilfully took advantage of the spirit of spreadeagleism fostered by the war—a spirit which proclaimed that AMERICA must have her own manufactures, even if the vast majority of americans were robbed in the process. Up with the NATION! Down with the individual! Up with the imperial despotism! Down with the citizen's right to buy his clothes or his tools in the cheapest market!

It was a splendid theme for "patriotic" oratory. But of course the orators said nothing of its dishonesty and tyranny; and, to do them justice, it is probable that most of them were too blind to see it.

But while orators thundered and the Eagle screamed; while the unthinking populace shouted with applause; there was one man—standing well-nigh alone—who saw through the sophistry and looked deep down into the bottom of the business. John Randolph opposed the tariff of 1816, radically and on principle. Fourteen years before he had declared that "every dollar laid on foreign productions operates as a tax on the consumer, and as a bounty upon our own productions;" and he now flatly called the tariff bill "a scheme of public robbery."

And in his great speech of April 15, 1824, he said: "This bill is an attempt to reduce the country South of

Mason and Dixon's line and East of the Alleghany Mountains, to a state of worse than colonial bondage; a state to which the domination of Great Britain was, in my judgment, far preferable; . . . . It ought to be met, and I trust it will be met, in the Southern country, as was the Stamp Act." Countless congressional usurpations had taught him the vanity of the idea that a written Constitution can restrain an unscrupulous majority; and he continued: "I do not stop here, sir, to argue about the constitutionality of this bill; I consider the Constitution a dead letter; I consider it to consist, at this time, of the power of the General Government and the power of the States—that is the Constitution. You may intrench yourself in parchment to the teeth, says Lord Chatham, the sword will find its way to the vitals of the Constitution. I have no faith in parchment, sir; I have no faith in the abracadabra of the Constitution; I have no faith in it. I *have* faith in the power of that Commonwealth, of which I am an unworthy son; in the power of those Carolinas, and of that Georgia, in her ancient and utmost extent, to the Mississippi."

But if the orators of the fervid, magnetic type were determined to fence off the rest of the world from America by a high tariff wall, it is not to be supposed that they contemplated keeping the American Eagle at home. On the contrary, that majestic bird was to range the heavens at will and to swoop down with beak and talons upon any nation that managed its affairs in a manner not approved by congressional omniscience. At Turks and Spaniards he was to glare defiantly; while to Greeks and

South Americans he was to donate a few of his tail-feathers, that these people, too, might learn how to soar. The tariff was to keep Europe from flooding America with cheap goods; but no power on earth was to keep America from deluging the world with cheap talk about "liberty" and "humanity."

It is to the immortal honor of John Randolph, therefore, that no great orator ever made less use of clap-trap than he. Most orators say what they believe the people wish to hear. But "it is an infirmity of my nature," said Randolph, "it is constitutional, it was born with me, and has caused the misery (if you will) of my life; it is an infirmity of my nature to have an obstinate preference of the true over the agreeable."

When the country was thrilled by the glowing words of Webster and Clay in behalf of the Greeks and South Americans, John Randolph, though eulogizing Webster for his "very able and masterly argument," nevertheless refused to gain popularity by endorsing his views. "This," said he, "is perhaps one of the finest and prettiest themes for declamation ever presented to a deliberative assembly. But it appears to me in a light very different from any that has as yet been thrown upon it. . . . . I wish to have some time to think of this business, to deliberate, before we take this leap into the dark into the Archipelago, or the Black Sea, or into the wide-mouthed La Plata. . . . It is a difficult and invidious task to stem the torrent of public sentiment, when all the generous feelings of the human heart are appealed to. But I was delegated, sir, to this House, to guard the interests of the

people of the United States, not to guard the rights of other people; . . . . This Quixotism, in regard either to Greece or to South America, is not what the sober and reflecting minds of our people require at our hands. . . Let us adhere to the policy laid down by the second as well as the first founder of our republic—by him who was the Camillus, as well as Romulus of the infant State—to the policy of peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none; for to entangling alliances we must come, if you once embark in policy such as this. And with all my British predilections, I suspect I shall, whenever that question shall present itself, resist as strongly an alliance with Great Britain, as with any other power."

Strangely enough, cool wisdom triumphed, for once, over fervid folly. The resolutions proposed by Clay and Webster were laid upon the table, and there they remained. This was not the first time, however, that Randolph had protested against meddling with other people's affairs. Eight years before he had said: "I cannot be frightened with the raw head and bloody bones of old Spain. I believe that General Andrew Jackson and the Tennessee militia would give a good account of all the Spaniards who will ever show themselves west of the Perdido, and their red brethren the Creeks, the Choctaws, and Seminoles to boot. . . . . As for South America, I am not going a tilting for the liberties of the people of Spanish America—they came not to our aid—let us mind our own business; let not our people be taxed for the liberties of the people of Spanish America. . . . . .

Andrew Jackson.

I do not want any of the territories in that region by conquest, purchase, or voluntary cession. This struggle for liberty in South America will turn out in the end something like the French liberty, a detestable despotism. You cannot make liberty out of Spanish matter—you might as well try to build a seventy-four out of pine saplings."

His clear eye penetrated beneath the surface, and saw into the essence, of things. He could not be duped by the pretence of humanitarianism, and had asked in March, 1806, whether any man were "so weak, or so wicked, as to pretend that there is any principle of action between nations except interest? . . . . . Sir, we are not theophilanthropists, but politicians; not dreamers and soothsayers, but men of flesh and blood. It is idle to talk of a sense of justice in any nation. Each pursues its sense of interest, and if you calculate on their acting upon any other principle, you may be very amiable, but you will prove a cully."

On another subject—Slavery—he well knew the difference between genuine humanity and either humbug or fanaticism. He knew the difference between an emancipationist and an abolitionist, between the man who voluntarily freed his own slaves and the man who wished to free his neighbor's by violence. Following the example of his brother Richard, he freed and made provision in his will for 300 slaves; but fiercely, and rightly, resented the dictation of scheming politicians who used the wrongs, real and imaginary, of the dear negro, as stepping stones to power. No man denounced the abuses of slavery (such

as the auctioning of kidnapped negroes in the District of Columbia,) in more scathing language; but he discovered from his travels that the laborers in many parts of Europe were far more to be pitied than the well-fed negroes of the South.

The slave auctions in Washington he called "the most nefarious, the most disgraceful, and most infernal traffic that has ever stained the annals of the human race." But he also said of slavery in general that "it must not be tampered with by quacks, who never saw the disease or the patient. The disease will run its course—it has run its course in the Northern States; it is beginning to run its course in Maryland.

"The natural death of slavery is the unprofitableness of its most expensive labor—it is also beginning in the meadow and grain country of Virginia— . . . . The moment the labor of the slave ceases to be profitable to the master, or very soon after it has reached that stage—if the slave will not run away from the master, the master *will* run away from the slave; and this is the history of the passage from slavery to freedom of the villenage of England." Again he said: "That man has a hard heart, or at least a narrow understanding—yes, and a narrow heart too, who would justify slavery in the abstract. But that man, although he may have a heart as capacious as the Atlantic Ocean itself, has a narrow and confined intellect, who undertakes to make himself and his country the judge and the standard for other men and other countries. . . . Sir, there has a spirit gone abroad—both in England and here— . . . . it is raging here, and I wish I

could say that it does not exist even in Virginia. It is the spirit of neglecting our own affairs for the purpose of regulating the affairs of our neighbors. Sir, this spirit takes the plodder—yes, the plodder from the field—to become a plodder in the pulpit. It has taken the shoemaker from his last—and, what is worse than all, it takes the mother from the fireside and from her children, into a sort of religious dissipation, in which the Church is made as much a Theatre as the Grand Opera at Paris, or as Drury Lane or Convent Garden in London." His keen observation in Europe showed him that the life of the Southern negro was luxury itself compared with the utter squalor of the Irish and Russian peasantry; and even of England he spoke thus: "There is, at this moment, within three miles of St. Stephen's Chapel, more misery and more vice than exists in the whole of North America, the West Indies included. And what is the cure, sir? The philanthropists, instead of ferreting out that which is immediately under their noses, or rather which they are glad to stop their noses to avoid, occupy themselves in taking care of the slaves of Mr. Watson Taylor, Mr. Beckford, Mr. Hibbert, and other West India gentlemen, whose condition, in comparison with the *canaille* of St. Giles's, St. Paul's, Westminster, and other quarters of London, is a condition of independence, virtue, happiness. The misery before their eyes they cannot see—their philanthropy acts only at a distance."

As slavery was recognized in the Constitution, John Randolph of course opposed uncompromisingly the celebrated measure—falsely termed a "Compromise"—— by

which, in order to secure the admission of Missouri into the Union, the Southern congressmen surrendered the constitutional right of Southern men to carry their slaves into all that portion of the common territory of the Union out of which the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, etc., have since been formed.

John Quincy Adams.

Randolph knew, of course, that (as the Supreme Court decided thirty-seven years afterwards) Congress had no more legal right to pass such a law than it had to banish all slaveholders to the moon. He knew, too, that the exclusion of slavery from this region amounted, practically, to the exclusion of their white owners, who would be compelled, if they moved there, either to free their negroes before they went or to sell them at a probable sacrifice. Randolph's chief speeches on this subject were not reported, but he opposed vehemently all conditions whatever to the act admitting Missouri.

It is well known that, when the presidential election of 1824 was thrown into the House, and Clay, failing to be elected himself, threw his influence to John Quincy Adams, and was appointed Secretary of State by the latter, it was charged that this appointment was due to a corrupt bargain between the two men. The justice of

the charge need not be discussed here; but Randolph was firmly convinced of its truth. His dislike of Clay as the leading advocate of paternalism and loose construction of the Constitution was very strong; and the personality of Adams inspired him with an even greater antipathy—"the cub is a greater bear than the old one"—than he had felt for his father.

In the Senate, March 30, 1826, Randolph speaks of "an alliance offensive and defensive between old Massachusetts and Kentucky—between the frost of January, and young, blythe, buxom, and blooming May. . . . not so young, however, as not to make a prudent match, and sell her charms for their full value." Then, mentioning that both Chatham and Junius had compared the union between the profligate Lord Sandwich and the sanctimonious Lord Mansfield to that between Blifil and Black George, he says: "I shall not say which is Blifil and which is Black George. I do not draw my pictures in such a way as to render it necessary to write under them, 'this is a man, this is a horse.' "

His meaning was certainly plain that Adams, "the Puritan" was Blifil, and Clay, "the blackleg," Black George. Moreover, it was in this speech that he said: "there is strong reason to believe that these South American communications, which have been laid before us, were manufactured here at Washington, if not by the pens, under the eye of our own Ministers, to subserve their purposes."

On account of these insulting remarks, Clay called him to the field. Randolph was one of the best shots in Virginia; but, having no desire to take Clay's life, he

said to General Hamilton of South Carolina the night before the duel: "Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine."

He was as good as his word. For, when the meeting took place, Randolph deliberately fired in the air, whereupon Clay exclaimed:

"I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

To break down the administration of Adams was an aim persistently adhered to by Randolph; and one of his opponents, an Ohioan, declared his deliberate opinion that Randolph had done more to break Adams down than any three men in the country. Strongly advocating the election of Andrew Jackson, and having seen his object accomplished, Randolph declined re-election to Congress and retired to private life. He supposed his political career ended.

But, in spite of his having declared on Feb. 1, 1828, that he desired no office either at home or "at the tail of the *corps diplomatique* in Europe," he was so strongly urged by Jackson to undertake a mission to Russia on special diplomatic business that he accepted the offer and went in 1830—having meantime most reluctantly, but ably, taken part in the debates of the Virginia Constitu-

tional Convention of 1829-30. He had intended going to England for his health, but had declined the missions to both France and England as too laborious.

The special mission to Russia, however, was accepted as not requiring him to stay continuously at his post; and it so happened that, when he reached St. Petersburg, there had just been a change in the Russian ministry, the cholera was raging through Europe, and a no less contagious revolution in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Poland. Under these circumstances it was impossible—although he was presented to the Czar and Czarina—for the Russian Government to give attention to Randolph's business; and, as the Russian climate proved very disastrous to him, he went to London in a short time, leaving his secretary of legation behind him with instructions to inform him promptly when the Russian ministry were ready to confer with him.

But the Polish insurrection so occupied the latter that, although he was in constant communication with St. Petersburg, ready to go there at a moment's notice, they were never able to give him the necessary time for his business. Hence, as his health grew ever worse, consumption having secured a firm hold upon him, he resigned his place and returned home in the fall of 1831. His failure to accomplish much by his mission was surely no fault of his. Had he accepted the position merely for pecuniary reasons, he would not have resigned it when he did; and we may dismiss the bitter attack upon him by Henry Adams with the remark that the latter is a grandson of John Quincy Adams, and resents the promi-

nent part which Randolph took in thwarting his grandfather's efforts to secure a second presidential term.

Upon his return from Russia, Randolph's health became so deplorable that he probably came nearer dying in the spring of 1832 than ever before. He rallied, however, and the vital forces lasted one year more. He had been a beautiful boy, and exceedingly handsome as a young man. But disease prematurely covered his face with innumerable wrinkles, and reduced his body in old age to the utmost extreme of attenuation; and in this last year he was kept alive by little save the force of an indomitable will. Indeed, but for the wondrous brilliancy of the eyes that still blazed from their sockets in the parchment-covered skull, he would have closely resembled an emaciated corpse.

Yet the spirit that inhabited this feeble frame was unconquerable still; and when he heard of the proclamation in which Jackson denounced the nullification ordinance of South Carolina, and threatened to invade that State with a military force, all the fiery energy of his soul was aroused, and he girded up his loins for a last battle for State Rights.

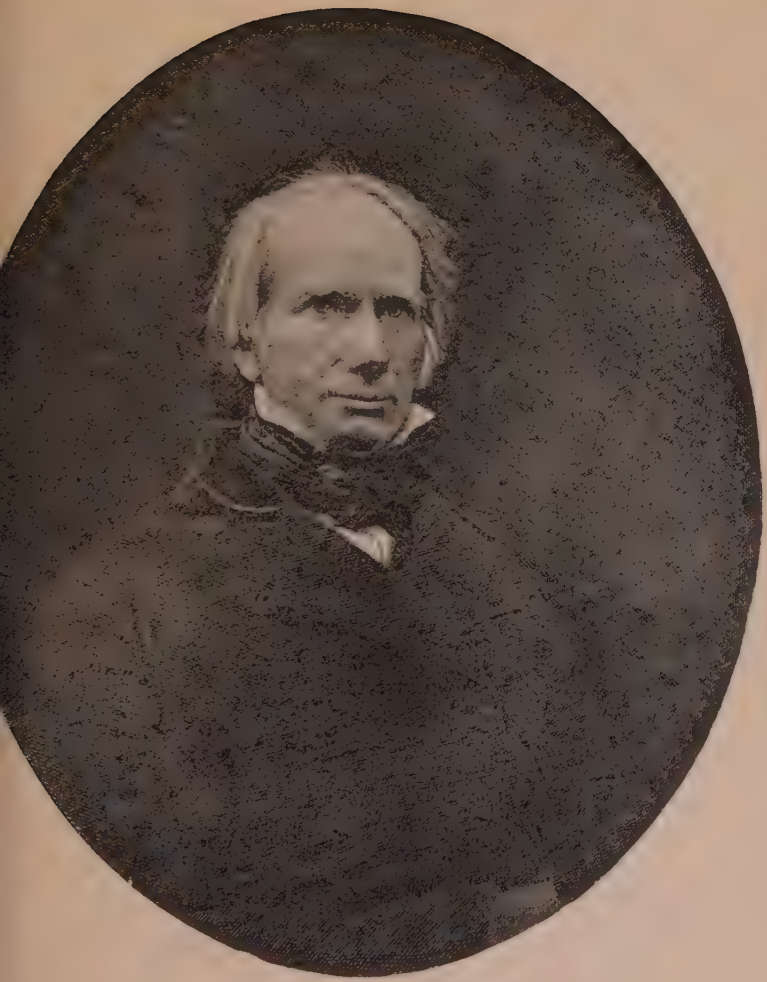
Randolph loved the Union. In the debate on Burr's conspiracy he had said that the very mention of disunion was a great public injury, and ought to be held in abhorrence by every true patriot. No wiser or more patriotic letter was ever written than that in which, on the day when the Hartford Convention met, he appealed (through a senator) to the New England States not to exercise their right of secession.

Yet, even in this letter, he admits that the Union was only a *means* of liberty and safety, and not an end to which these blessings were to be sacrificed. He loved the Union—the Constitutional Union of Sovereign States under a government based upon the consent of the governed—not an unconstitutional Union of a tyrant section and subject provinces pinned together by bayonets. No wonder, then, that, when South Carolina, hot with wrath at the successive tariff acts, each worse than its predecessor, by which she had been plundered, turned fiercely upon her oppressors, and declared the latest of these acts null and void, and when the imperious Jackson prepared to crush her by force and hang her leaders to the nearest tree, Randolph sprang once more into the lists.

Sick, suffering and dying though he was, he had himself lifted into the carriage and driven from county to county in his district. No longer strong enough to stand, he nevertheless spoke to multitudes from his seat and held them with his glittering eye and thrilling voice.

Thirty-four years before, in the bloom of young manhood, he had dared to face Henry in defense of the States; and now, tottering on the brink of the grave, he hurled down the gauntlet to Jackson in the same cause.

Nor did he appeal to his constituents in vain. For throughout his district they passed resolutions condemning Jackson's proclamation. His sagacious insight into character, as well as the readiness with which he recognized the greater qualities of his opponents, are seen in a few words spoken at Buckingham Court House. Declaring himself to be "filled with the most gloomy apprehen-



Henry Clay.

sions for the fate of the Union," he said: "If Madison filled the Executive chair, he might be bullied into some compromise. If Monroe was in power, he might be coaxed into some adjustment of this difficulty. But Jackson is obstinate, headstrong, and fond of fight. I fear matters must come to an open rupture. If so, this Union is gone!"

Then, after a long and impressive pause, he raised his finger and said: "There is one man, and one man only, who can save this Union — that man is HENRY CLAY. I know he has the power, I believe he will be found to have the patriotism and firmness equal to the occasion."

Once more he was elected to Congress, but was never to take his seat. Hoping against hope that a sea voyage and the English climate would somewhat restore his shattered strength, he reached Philadelphia, but could go no further. In the city that had witnessed some of the jolliest days of his youth, as well as his entrance upon the congressional stage, he was now stricken down and breathed his last on June 24, 1833.

And now we have reached the most difficult part of our task, the delineation of the character of this extraordinary man. Few men have had bitterer enemies or more devoted friends; and the judgments passed upon him have therefore been radically different. The present writer cannot hope to do more than approximate the truth; but he will at least endeavor to avoid extravagant eulogy on the one hand and rabid hostility on the other.

The story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde does not tell the whole truth. For every man contains within himself

not simply two, but a thousand different natures. Each man is the descendant of countless ancestors, from each of whom he inherits traits physical, mental or moral, which may or may not reach full development according to circumstances. Seeds cast by the wayside may be devoured by the fowls of the air, while those sown in fertile soil may bring forth an hundred fold.

Had Shakespeare been kidnapped in infancy by a Choctaw chief, he might have lived to take many scalps, but would surely have never written *Hamlet.* Before the French Revolution Robespierre was so opposed to capital punishment that he conscientiously resigned his seat on the bench, rather than condemn a murderer to death. But the writings of Rousseau and the frenzy of the Revolution transformed this gentle lamb into a tiger thirsting for blood.

But for the Revolution, Charlotte Corday, instead of plunging a dagger into the heart of Marat, might have lived to sew buttons on the garments of a dozen children.

"In my opinion," said Randolph, "the wisest prayer that ever was composed is that which deprecates the being led into temptation." Let not the man, then, who has never been tempted, sanctimoniously prate of his superior virtue. For there has probably never lived a man who, at birth, was not *potentially* a murderer and a thief. In a cool, dry place gunpowder might lie for ages, harmless as the cooing of a dove. Drop but a spark, however, among the innocent-looking grains, and the roar of a lion is as silence compared with the horrid sound that splits the ear.

In these considerations are to be found the key to much that seems unaccountable in John Randolph's career. His was a highly complex character; the most varied and antagonistic traits existing side by side in his nature, and not merely potentially, as in all men, but actually. In Whittier's words, he was:

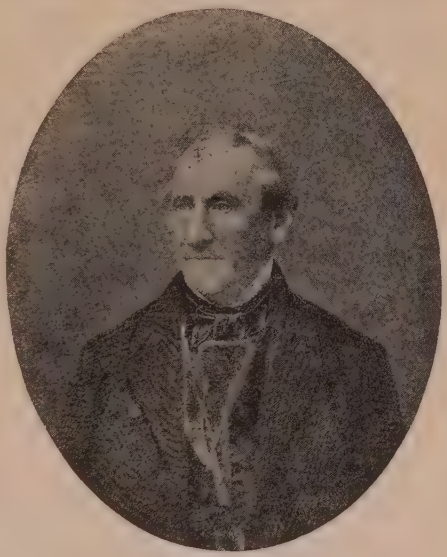
> "Bard, sage, and tribune! in himself
> All moods of mind contrasting—
> The tenderest wail of human woe,
> The scorn like lightning blasting:
> The pathos that from rival eyes
> Unwilling tears could summon:
> The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
> Of hatred hardly human.
> Mirth sparkling like a diamond shower
> From lips of lifelong sadness;
> Clear picturings of majestic thought
> Upon a ground of madness."

Some of these traits might have lain dormant, but for unfortunate circumstances. Chief among these, chief among the influences that developed Randolph's evil propensities, was inveterate, chronic bad health. "I have been sick all my life," he said shortly before his death; and Nathaniel Macon told Thomas H. Benton that Randolph had never in his life enjoyed one day of perfect health.

It is comparatively easy for a robust man to be cheerful. But let not such a man estimate too lightly the influence of a complication of painful and chronic maladies in souring and embittering the temper.

It is, of course, perfectly true that there have been

sweet-tempered men and women who have borne life-long suffering and pain with scarcely a murmur. Nor is it pretended that John Randolph did not have a bad temper to begin with. He fully admitted it himself, saying that his "ungovernable temper" had been the chief cause of his unhappiness. But undoubtedly his irritability was increased by constant physical pain. No man confessed with deeper contrition, to his intimate friends, the faults into which this temper betrayed him; and on his death-bed he deliriously cried out: "Remorse, remorse, remorse!" and, making his physician write the word on a card, looked at it and exclaimed:



Thomas H. Benton.

"Remorse, you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it, whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation — but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon."

Having by nature a profoundly religious spirit, and a sense of sin like that of Luther, who in his lonely cell

often cried aloud "my sin, my sin!" Randolph habitually reproached himself, in letters to his bosom friends, with his shortcomings, and sank at times into despair at his failure to live up to the Christian standard. Writing to Francis S. Key on May 31, 1815, he said: "I have had a strong desire to go to the Lord's Supper; but I was deterred by a sense of my unworthiness; and, only yesterday, reading the denunciation against those who received unworthily, I thought it would never be in my power to present myself at the altar. . . . . I feel a comfort in repeating the Liturgy that I would not be deprived of for worlds."

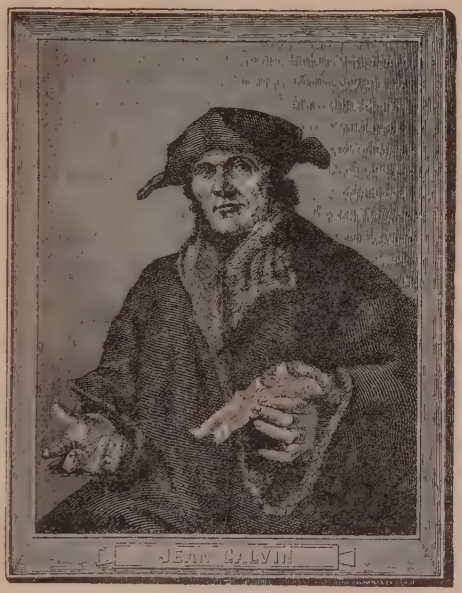
To Dr. Brockenbrough, a month later, he speaks of his "stubborn and rebellious nature," and declares it essential that he should "strive against envy, malice, and all uncharitableness" and cultivate "feelings of good will to all mankind." A year later he writes to Key in this wise:

"My mind is filled with misgivings and doubts and perplexities that leave me no repose. Of the necessity for forgiveness I have the strongest conviction; but I cannot receive any assurance that it has been accorded to me. In short I am in the worst conceivable situation as respects my internal peace and future welfare. . . . . I have humbly sought comfort where alone it is effectually to be obtained, but without success. To you and Mr. Meade [afterwards Bishop Meade of Virginia] I can venture to write in this style, without disguising the secret workings of my heart."

And a few months later: "My opinions seem daily to become more unsettled, and the awful mystery which

shrouds the future alone renders the present tolerable. The darkness of my hours, so far from having passed away has thickened into the deepest gloom."

There can be little doubt, indeed, that had Randolph lived in the sixteenth century, he would have been a religious reformer; and, paradoxical as it may seem to those who know only the legendary, and not the real Randolph, there was a certain resemblance, in some respects, between him and John Calvin. As Randolph admitted his "ungovernable temper," so Calvin confessed that he yielded too often to the "wild beast of his anger." Neither of them could well brook opposition; both were domineering; and both were masters of vituperation.



John Calvin.

There was a certain acerbity and censoriousness in each (even Calvin's school-mates dubbing him the "Accusation Case,") and in each these faults were aggravated by

bad health. They both inspired deepest love and bitterest hate. Each may have been at times intellectually inconsistent, but both were morally honest to the core. Both were precocious; Calvin's theological system, like Randolph's political principles, being adopted early in life; and both sternly and rigidly refused to sacrifice one iota of their principles to mere expediency.

In the sixteenth century Randolph might have founded a sect. In the nineteenth, Calvin might have relentlessly scourged the venal tricksters and time-serving spoilsmen of Congress.

For a time in the year 1818, Randolph's religious despair was dispelled. "Congratulate me, dear Frank" he writes to the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner"—"I am at last reconciled to my God, and have assurance of His pardon, through faith in Christ, against which the very gates of hell cannot prevail. Fear hath been driven out by perfect love."

But he could not long rest content, and writes eight months later: "My dear Frank, what is there in this world to satisfy the cravings of an immortal nature? I declare to you that the business and pleasures of it seem to me as of no more consequence than the game of push-pin that occupies the little negroes at the corner of the street.

"Do not misunderstand me, my dear friend. My life (I am ashamed to confess it) does not correspond with my belief. I have made a vile return for the goodness which has been manifested toward me—but I still cling to the cross of my Redeemer."

And in another letter he says: "I am more than satiated with the world. It is to me a fearful prison-house of guilt and misery. . . . . My own short-comings are the sources of my regrets, 'and why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say.' This, my dear friend, troubles me by day and by night. 'Tis not what others do, but what I do, or omit, that annoys me."

We see, then, that Randolph, though deeply religious, was no sanctimonious hypocrite. No man, indeed, ever loathed canting hypocrisy more. Rarely did he speak of his religious feelings except to his closest friends, and to them he confessed his faults. The following anecdote well illustrates the clearness of his conceptions and his fine discrimination between cant and genuine piety.

One of the Bryan boys, his wards, having been taken to task by his brother for not resenting an insult, and the matter having been referred to Mr. Randolph: "My boy," said he, "if you were absolutely certain of being actuated solely by the love of Christ, you were right to turn the other cheek to your insulter. If not, you should have hit him with all your might, remembering never to mistake the fear of man for the love of God."

In this, at least, he practiced what he preached. Cowardice, moral or physical, was a sensation of which he knew naught. He faced Clay's bullet, and fired his own into the air; and, when advised in 1813 not to speak in Buckingham Co. against the war with England, for fear of violence, he replied: "You know very little of me, or you would not give such advice."

Then facing the angry crowd he said:

"I understand that I am to be insulted today if I attempt to address the people—that a mob is prepared to lay their rude hands upon me and drag me from these hustings, for daring to exercise the rights of a freeman."

And then, tranfixing the ring-leaders with his piercing gaze, and pointing toward them with that long, lean, lank forefinger of his, he continued:

"My Bible teaches me that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, but that the fear of man is the consummation of folly."

As by magic, the incipient riot was quelled—his dauntless courage compelling attention to his words.

Another striking trait was his colossal pride; while of vanity he had little or none. Little he cared what the world might think of him, so long as he maintained his self-respect. So proud was he, indeed, that he refused to let the world see him as he really was; and much of his supposed cynicism and misanthropy was due to this aversion to baring the deeper feelings of his heart to the public gaze.

Were he living in our time, he would probably cane the first "enterprising" reporter that attempted to "interview" him on his private affairs. Intensely reserved, he hotly resented any attempt at undue familiarity on the part of strangers or mere acquaintances. His house was his castle, and the obtrusive person who hinted for an invitation to it reckoned without the host.

"Mr. Randolph," said a neighbor who met him one day, "I passed by your front door this morning."

"I hope you will always continue to pass it, sir," was

the somewhat savage reply. That he made enemies by this species of repartee goes without saying; and it is not strange that some of his neighbors and their descendants could and can see little good in him. Nor is it surprising that some of those whom he offended did not confine themselves to the truth, and that consequently a goodly crop of legends has sprung up among the people of Charlotte Co. at their monthly gatherings on the court green, or by the fireside in the long winter evenings Much of this gossip has gotten into print. But neither this nor the stories that arose in Washington can be accepted as authentic.

His real wit was keen enough, and we need not repeat the fictitious. Senator Benton, who lived in the house with him for several years, says that his sarcasm was "keen, refined, withering;" and the present writer, after spending five weeks in the Library of Congress reading his speeches and taking extracts therefrom, can fully endorse this view. Occasionally, in the heat of debate, and under the influence of intense excitement, his wit was almost ferocious; but such was not often the case. No one, of course, who merely reads his words, without having heard the penetrating tones and seen the flashing eye, the haughty mien, and the long arm and forefinger stretched scornfully toward his victim, can realize the feelings of the latter.

"Agony and fear," says Benton, were the sensations which he aroused in Congress. To many a member that lean forefinger seemed as deadly as the tongue of a viper exuding venom. But it should be remembered that Ran-

dolph's sarcasm was not the only cause for these feelings. In Randolph's opinion "the seven cardinal principles of the average politician were the five loaves and the two fishes;" and in many cases it was the guilty conscience of the corrupt spoilsman that made him wince beneath the withering wit of a rabidly honest man. Samples of this sarcasm have already been given in the citations from his speeches – as, for example, the contemptuous manner in which he spoke of Gregg's views of English and American sea-power.

Upon another occasion he made a savage attack upon Sheffey of Virginia, taunting him with his former occupation by citing the Latin saw *ne sutor ultra crepidam.* He once referred to Bayard of Delaware as the "Goliah of the adverse party" and a "gigantic boaster." In 1815 he exasperated Philip P. Barbour of Virginia (who had criticised him) by citing the lines,

> "The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.'

Yet fifteen years afterward it was he who moved a resolution of thanks to Mr. Barbour for the "impartiality and dignity," as well as "distinguished ability," with which he had presided over the Virginia Convention. He also said that "notwithstanding any occasional heat excited by the collision of debate," he parted from every member of the Convention" with the most hearty good will."

And, indeed, it is not true that Randolph was an implacable man. After his breach with Jefferson he paid more than one eloquent tribute to that statesman.

Even Madison he eulogized in some respects; and shortly before his death he clasped the hand of Clay, whom he had generously declared to be the one man who could save the Union. He was not, then, implacable; and his vindictive attacks upon opponents were due largely to temper intensified by physical suffering. His feelings were strong and intense, and he possessed but a small share of what he once termed "that rascally virtue, prudence."

"I am willing to allow," he said, "that in the heat of debate, expressions improper for me to use, but not improper in their application to those to whom they referred, may have escaped me—the *verba ardentia* of an honest mind. I scorn to retract them. They were made in the presence of the nation, and in their presence I will defend them. I will never snivel, whatever may be the result."

Certainly some of his thrusts were uncalled for. For example, when Goddard of Connecticut had alluded to his great learning, Randolph lamented his "inability to return the compliment but at an expense of sincerity and truth, which even the gentleman from Connecticut, he hoped, would be unwilling to require." And to John Smilie he once said: "And let me tell the gentleman from Pennsylvania that I would rather have his vote than his speech at any time. Who would suppose, had he not averred it, that he held silence and good sense in such high respect, that he preferred the calm decisions of quiet wisdom to the effusions of empty garrulity?"

Space will only permit of one more sample of his con-

temptuous treatment of opponents. Beecher of Ohio having annoyed him by repeated calls for the previous question, he convulsed the House and suppressed Beecher by saying:

"Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few moments construct a toy that, with the pressure of the finger and the thumb, will cry 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' With less of ingenuity, and inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question, Mr. Speaker! Previous question, Mr. Speaker!'"

And yet—such is the complexity of human nature, so manifold the passions that can coexist in a single breast—this man who shot so many poisoned darts into the bosoms of his foes, and whose pride made him conceal the softer side of his nature from all but a favored few, was also a man who was not only capable of feeling, but did feel, the tenderest and deepest love. His ardent affection for his mother and brother has already been mentioned. His family pride and his family affections were exceedingly strong. No father could have loved his children more dearly than he loved his two nephews, the sons of his brother Richard; and the heart-rending grief which he experienced at the early death of one and the insanity of the other was one of the fatal influences that embittered his life and plunged him into hypochondria and gloom. He also felt the tenderest love for the children of his sister who married Judge Coalter, and particularly for her daughter Elizabeth, who married John

Randolph Bryan, the son of his friend, Joseph Bryan. So dear to him was the memory of this friend that he cared for his two orphaned sons in the way described by one of them in 1878 as follows:

"In 1816, Mr. Randolph took it upon himself to direct the education of three very young orphan boys, the oldest of whom was barely ten years of age. Two of these boys (J. R. Clay, Esq., and the writer) are yet living. They were sent to school, but passed their vacations of about two months of the year at Mr. Randolph's house, where they were treated as his children—some one of them often sleeping in the same bed with him, and when away receiving letters from him frequently. He took an interest in their manners, language, and reading, made them say their prayers, and often read to them. This supervision and care of my brother and myself continued four years, when, in 1820, we returned to our home in Georgia. After our separation he wrote constantly to me while I was at school and at college. . . . . In his intercourse with us boys the sweetness of his manner and considerateness to our blunders and awkwardness were truly paternal."

Another boy whom he educated, and who lived with him for years at Roanoke was Theodore Bland Dudley, his cousin. In his frequent letters to these boys he shows an almost motherly interest in the smallest details affecting them—telling them, for example, to be sure to clean their teeth, and the like. Surely here was a side of his nature invisible to the public. And the same must be said of the passionate craving for affection, displayed in

his letters to such friends as Dr. Brockenbrough and Francis S. Key. His close attachment to Nathaniel Macon is historic, and their names are indissolubly linked in the title of Randolph-Macon College. His unostentatious charity is attested by Senator Benton who says he often saw him send little children out to give to the poor.

These are authentic facts, not myths, and show that the man who could unquestionably display the most rancorous malignity, also had a warm, loving heart. But over the deepest passion of that heart hangs a mystery unpenetrated by his biographers. He loved Maria Ward with all the fervor of his nature—"more than his own soul, or the God that made it"—and he loved no other woman but her. But why they were not married cannot be said. Even her marriage to another did not banish her memory from his heart; and years after they parted he was heard to breathe her name in fever-dreams. To the lonely anchorite of Roanoke her idealized image remained a guiding star, beckoning him to higher things.

Was Randolph a drunkard? Was he an opium-eater? Was he insane?

A careful examination of two volumes of Mss. containing the evidence in the law-suits growing out of the contest over his will justifies the following conclusions.

In spite of the indignant denial of his godson, John Randolph Bryan, that he never drank to excess, and of Benton's statement that he never saw him affected by wine, "even to the slightest departure from the habitual and scrupulous decorum of his manners," it is unquestionable that, though nearly always temperate, and some-

times a total abstainer, he did occasionally drink to very great excess.

It is also undeniable that during the last years of his life he frequently resorted to opium. There is ample testimony on both these points. But, even if all testimony were destroyed but his own, that would be sufficient. He alluded in some of his letters to his potations, and made no secret of his use of opium—saying a few months before his death to the Hon. John Taliaferro: "I am the veriest sot on earth, and that from necessity, for I never am free from pain except by an excessive use of brandy and opium."

That at certain periods of his life he was insane is also perfectly clear; and the study of his case reveals some strangely interesting psychological facts. The worst of these periods was from Nov., 1831 to April, 1832; and, curiously enough, there can be no doubt that, while he was probably never wholly sane during any entire day in that period, yet there were few days during which he did not have lucid hours. At one hour he might manage his business affairs in a perfectly clear-headed way, or write absolutely rational letters; and at another hour he might be as mad as a March hare. That opium had something to do with this is highly probable. And yet it is clear, when we look at his whole life, that his occasional insanity was *not caused* by either opium or drink. But of course their excessive use aggravated the insanity.

Religious mania more than once afflicted him; and just as Luther threw his inkstand at the devil and, indeed, very frequently encountered that formidable personage,

so Randolph had to do battle with him more than once. To a Mr. Holliday he wrote a letter stating a wish to buy two of the latter's horses, for the reason that he had signed a contract with no less a person than His Satanic Majesty himself, not to drink the asses' milk essential to the preservation of his life until he had bought those two horses. This letter he entrusted to his friend, Judge William Leigh, to mail; but, when the latter had ridden a mile or two, one of Randolph's servants caught up with him and said his master wanted the letter back, as a charm was upon it. Later on, the negro again galloped up with the letter, saying that his master now declared the charm to be removed.

During this same period he told a Mr. Flournoy that he had had a "controversy with his God," who would not forgive him for misusing his talents, wealth and influence, and for being such a reprobate. For two nights and a day he slept not a wink, as Flournoy testifies. In April he told Mr. John Nelson he had had a personal interview with the Saviour of the world, who told him his sins were forgiven. The next day he resolved to test the reality of the vision by praying that a certain tree should be moved to another part of the yard; but was interrupted before he could thus test the power of prayer. He once told Judge Leigh that in the next room there was a man writing a dead man's will with a dead man's hand.

But enough. He told Senator Benton that he had always lived in dread of insanity, and Benton was convinced that he was insane on several occasions, "and dur-

ing such periods he would do and say strange things—but always in his own way—not only method, but genius in his fantasies: nothing to bespeak a bad heart, but only exaltation and excitement. The most brilliant talk that I ever heard from him came forth on such occasions—a flow for hours (at one time seven hours) of copious wit and classic allusion—a perfect scattering of the diamonds of the mind. I heard a friend remark on one of these occasions, 'he has wasted intellectual jewelry enough here this evening to equip many speakers for great orations.' ''

John Randolph was a strange, sad, wonderful man. He had his faults, and they were grave. But those who reflect upon the incessant pain which he suffered, the agony of soul which a perpetual dread of insanity must have caused him, the death of those nearest and dearest to him, his disappointment in love, and the dreary loneliness of his life at Roanoke, will not be disposed to cast the first stone at the most tragic character in American history.

For forty-six years his body rested in the solitude of Roanoke, but in 1879 was removed to Richmond by his great-nephew, Joseph Bryan, Esq., the present editor of the Richmond "Times." The State Legislature adjourned to attend the ceremony of re-interment, and they did well. For, with all his faults, Virginia has had few greater or more devoted sons.

The soil of his old home seemed loath to relinquish the blackened bones. For the roots of a pine and an oak had penetrated the coffin and so entwined the skeleton—

the very skull, in which once the fiery brain had throbbed, being completely filled with a dense mass of rootlets—that they had to be severed with an axe before Mother Earth could be compelled to relax her embrace upon the remains. But she received them again, and in Hollywood Cemetery they now repose.

Interior Old House of Representatives, the Scene of Randolph's Triumphs

JOHN RANDOLPH ON FOREIGN IMPORTATIONS.

(Delivered March 5, 1806, on a Motion for the non-importation of British merchandise, offered by Mr. Gregg in the House of Representatives during the dispute between Great Britain and the United States.)

I am extremely afraid, sir, that so far as it may depend on my acquaintance with details connected with the subject I have very little right to address you: for in truth I have not yet seen the documents from the treasury, which were called for some time ago, to direct the judgment of this House in the decision of the question now before you; and indeed, after what I have this day heard, I no longer require that document, or any other document; indeed, I do not know that I ever should have required it, to vote on the resolution of the gentleman from Pennsylvania. If I had entertained any doubts, they would have been removed by the style in which the friends of the resolution have this morning discussed it.

I am perfectly aware that upon entering on this subject we go into it manacled, handcuffed, and tongue-tied. Gentlemen know that our lips are sealed in subjects of momentous foreign relations which are indissolubly linked with the present question, and which would serve to throw a great light on it in every respect relevant to it. I will, however, endeavor to hobble over the subject as well as my fettered limbs and palsied tongue will enable me to do it.

I am not surprised to hear this resolution discussed by its friends as a war measure. They say, it is true, that it is

not a war measure; but they defend it on principles which would justify none but war measures, and seem pleased with the idea that it may prove the forerunner of war. If war is necessary, if we have reached this point, let us have war.

But while I have life I will never consent to these incipient war measures which in their commencement breathe nothing but peace, though they plunge us at last into war.

It has been well observed by the gentleman from Pennsylvania behind me [Mr. J. Clay], that the situation of this nation in 1793 was in every respect different from that in which it finds itself in 1806. Let me ask too, if the situation of England is not since materially changed? Gentlemen, who, it would appear from their language, have not got beyond the horn-book of politics, talk of our ability to cope with the British navy and tell us of the war of our Revolution.

What was the situation of Great Britain then? She was then contending for the empire of the British Channel, barely able to maintain a doubtful equality with her enemies, over whom she never gained the superiority until Rodney's victory of the 12th of April.

What is her present situation? The combined fleets of France, Spain, and Holland are dissipated; they no longer exist. I am not surprised to hear men advocate these wild opinions, to see them goaded on by a spirit of mercantile avarice, straining their feeble strength to excite the nation to war, when they have reached this stage of infatuation, that we are an over-match for Great Britain on the ocean. It is mere waste of time to reason with such persons. They do not deserve anything like serious refutation. The proper

arguments for such statesmen are a strait waistcoat, a dark room, water-gruel, and depletion.

It has always appeared to me that there are three points to be considered, and maturely considered, before we can be prepared to vote for the resolution of the gentlemen from Pennsylvania. First, our ability to contend with Great Britain for the question in dispute; second, the policy of such a contest; and third, in case both these shall be settled affirmatively, the manner in which we can with the greatest effect react upon and annoy our adversary.

Now the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Crowninshield] has settled at a single sweep, to use one of his favorite expressions, not only that we are capable of contending with Great Britain on the ocean, but that we are actually her superior. Whence does the gentleman deduce this inference? Because truly at that time when Great Britain was not mistress of the ocean, when a North was her prime minister and a Sandwich the first lord of her admiralty; when she was governed by a counting-house administration, privateers of this counttry trespassed on her commerce. So too did the cruisers of Dunkirk. At that day Sufferin held the mastery of the Indian seas.

But what is the case now? Do gentlemen remember the capture of Cornwallis on land because De Grasse maintained the dominion of the ocean? To my mind no position is more clear than that if we go to war with Great Britain, Charleston and Boston, the Chesapeake and the Hudson, will be invested by British squadrons. Will you call on the Count de Grasse to relieve them? or shall we apply to Admiral Gravina, or Admiral Villeneuve, to raise the blockade?

But you have not only a prospect of gathering glory, and, what seems to the gentleman from Massachusetts much dearer, to profit by privateering, but you will be able to make a conquest of Canada and Nova Scotia. Indeed? Then, sir, we shall catch a Tartar. I confess, however, I have no desire to see the senators and the representatives of the Canadian French, or of the Tories and refugees of Nova Scotia, sitting on this floor, or that of the other House—to see them becoming members of the Union and participating equally in our political rights. And on what other principle would the gentleman from Massachusetts be for incorporating those provinces with us? Or on what other principle could it be done under the constitution? If the gentleman has no other bounty to offer us for going to war than the incorporation of Canada and Nova Scotia with the United States, I am for remaining at peace.

What is the question in dispute? The carrying trade. What part of it? The fair, the honest, and the useful trade that is engaged in carrying our own production to foreign markets and bringing back their productions in exchange? No, sir; it is that carrying trade which covers enemy's property and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West India products to the mother countrty.

No, sir; if this great agricultural nation is to be governed by Salem and Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and Baltimore and Norfolk and Charleston, let gentlemen come out and say so; and let a committee of public safety be appointed from those towns to carry on the government.

I, for one, will not mortgage my property and my liberty to carry on this trade. The nation said so seven years ago;

I said so then, and I say so now. It is not for the honest carrying trade of America, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war, for a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace, will no longer exist; it is for this that the spirit of avaricious traffic would plunge us into war.

I am forcibly struck on this occasion by the recollection of a remark made by one of the ablest, if not the honestest, ministers that England ever produced. I mean Sir Robert Walpole, who said that the country gentlemen, poor, meek souls! came up every year to be sheared; that they laid mute and patient whilst their fleeces were taking off; but that if he touched a single bristle of the commercial interest, the whole stye was in an uproar. It was indeed shearing the hog—"great cry and little wool."

But we are asked, are we willing to bend the neck to England; to submit to her outrages? No, sir; I answer that it will be time enough for us to tell gentlemen what we will do to vindicate the violation of our flag on the ocean when they shall have told us what they have done in resentment of the violation of the actual territory of the United States by Spain, the true territory of the United States, not your new-fangled country over the Mississippi, but the good old United States—part of Georgia, of the old thirteen States, where citizens have been taken, not from our ships, but from our actual territory.

When gentlemen have taken the padlock from our mouths I shall be ready to tell them what I will do relative to our dispute with Britain on the law of nations, on contraband, and such stuff.

I have another objection to this course of proceeding.—

Great Britain, when she sees it, will say the American people have great cause of dissatisfaction with Spain. She will see by the documents furnished by the President that Spain has outraged our territory, pirated upon our commerce, and imprisoned our citizens; and she will inquire what we have done. It is true, she will receive no answer; but she must know what we have not done. She will see that we have not repelled these outrages, nor made any addition to our army and navy, nor even classed the militia. No, sir; not one of our militia generals in politics has marshalled a single brigade.

Although I have said it would be time enough to answer the question which gentlemen have put to me when they shall have answered mine; yet, as I do not like long prorogations, I will give them an answer now. I will never consent to go to war for that which I cannot protect. I deem it no sacrifice of dignity to say to the Leviathan of the deep, We are unable to contend with you in your own element, but if you come within our actual limits we will shed our last drop of blood in their defense. In such an event I would feel, not reason; and obey an impulse which never has—which never can deceive me.

France is at war with England; suppose her power on the continent of Europe no greater than it is on the ocean. How would she make her enemy feel it? There would be a perfect non-conductor between them. So with the United States and England; she scarcely presents to us a vulnerable point. Her commerce is carried on, for the most part, in fleets; where in single ships, they are stout and well armed; very different from the state of her trade during the American

war, when her merchantmen became the prey of paltry privateers. Great Britain has been too long at war with the three most powerful maritime nations of Europe not to have learnt how to protect her trade. She can afford convoy to it all; she has eight hundred ships in commission: the navies of her enemies are annihilated.

Thus this war has presented the new and curious political spectacle of a regular annual increase (and to an immense amount) of her imports and exports, and tonnage and revenue, and all the insignia of accumulating wealth, whilst in every former war, without exception, these have suffered a greater or less diminution. And wherefore?

Because she has driven France, Spain, and Holland from the ocean. Their marine is no more. I verily believe that ten English ships of the line would not decline a meeting with the combined fleets of those nations.

I forewarn the gentleman from Massachusetts, and his constituents of Salem, that all their golden hopes are vain. I forewarn them of the exposure of their trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope (or now doubling it) to capture and confiscation; of their unprotected seaport towns exposed to contribution or bombardment. Are we to be legislated into a war by a set of men who in six weeks after its commencement may be compelled to take refuge with us in the country?

And for what? a mere fungus—a mushroom production of war in Europe, which will disappear with the first return of peace—an unfair truce. For is there a man so credulous as to believe that we possess a capital not only equal to what my be called our own proper trade, but large enough also

to transmit to the respective parent States the vast and wealthy products of the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies? 'Tis beyond the belief of any rational being.

But this is not my only objection to entering upon this naval warfare. I am averse to a naval war with any nation whatever. I was opposed to the naval war of the last administration, and I am as ready to oppose a naval war of the present administration should they meditate such a measure. What! shall this great mammoth of the American forest leave his native element, and plunge into the water in a mad contest with the shark? Let him beware that his proboscis is not bitten off in the engagement. Let him stay on shore, and not be excited by the mussels and periwinkles on the strand, or political bears, in a boat to venture on the perils of the deep.

Gentlemen say, Will you not protect your violated rights? and I say, Why take to water, where you can neither fight nor swin? Look at France; see her vessels stealing from port to port on her own coast; and remember that she is the first military power of the earth, and as a naval people second only to England. Take away the British navy, and France to-morrow is the tyrant of the ocean.

This brings me to the second point. How far is it politic in the United States to throw their weight into the scale of France at this moment?—from whatever motive to aid the views of her gigantic ambition—to make her mistress of the sea and land—to jeopardize the liberties of mankind. Sir, you may help to crush Great Britain—you may assist in breaking down her naval dominion, but you cannot succeed to it. The iron sceptre of the ocean will pass into his hands

who wears the iron crown of the land. You may then expect a new code of maritime law. Where will you look for redress?

I can tell the gentleman from Massachusetts that there is nothing in his rule of three that will save us, even although he should outdo himself and exceed the financial ingenuity which he so memorably displayed on a recent occasion. No, sir; let the battle of Actium be once fought, and the whole line of seacoast will be at the mercy of the conqueror. The Atlantic, deep and wide as it is, will prove just as good a barrier against his ambition, if directed against you, as the Mediterranean to the power of the Cæsars.

Do I mean, when I say so, to crouch to the invader? No, I will meet him at the water's edge, and fight every inch of ground from thence to the mountains, from the mountains to the Mississippi. But after tamely submitting to an outrage on your domicile, will you bully and look big at an insult on your flag three thousand miles off?

But, sir, I have yet a more cogent reason against going to war for the honor of the flag in the narrow seas, or any other maritime punctilio. It springs from my attachment to the principles of the government under which I live. I declare, in the face of day, that this government was not instituted for the purposes of offensive war. No; it was framed, to use its own language, for the common defense and the general welfare, which are inconsistent with offensive war.

I call that offensive war which goes out of our jurisdiction and limits for the attainment or protection of objects not within those limits and that jurisdiction. As in 1798 I was opposed to this species of warfare because I be-

lieved it would raze the constitution to the very foundation, so in 1806 am I opposed to it, and on the same grounds. No sooner do you put the constitution to this use—to a test which it is by no means calculated to endure, than its incompetency to such purposes becomes manifest and apparent to all. I fear, if you go into a foreign war for a circuitous unfair carrying trade, you will come out without your constitution. Have you not contractors enough in this House? Or do you want to be overrun and devoured by commissaries and all the vermin of contract?

I fear, sir, that what are called the energy-men will rise up again—men who will burn the parchment. We shall be told that our government is too free; or, as they would say, weak and inefficient. Much virtue, sir, in terms. That we must give the President power to call forth the resources of the nation; that is, to filch the last shilling from our pockets—to drain the last drop of blood from our veins. I am against giving this power to any man, be he who he may. The American people must either withhold this power or resign their liberties.

There is no other alternative. Nothing but the most imperious necessity will justify such a grant. And is there a powerful enemy at our doors? You may begin with a first consul; from that chrysalis state he soon becomes an emperor. You have your choice. It depends upon your election whether you will be a free, happy, and united people at home, or the light of your executive majesty shall beam across the Atlantic in one general blaze of the public liberty.

For my part I never will go to war but in self-defense. I have no desire for conquests—no ambition to possess Nova

Scotia—I hold the liberties of this people at a higher rate. Much more am I indisposed to war when among the first means for carrying it on I see gentlemen propose the confiscation of debts due by government to individuals. Does a *bona fide* creditor know who holds his paper? Dare any honest man ask himself the question? 'Tis hard to say whether such principles are more detestably dishonest than they are weak and foolish. What, sir; will you go about with proposals for opening a loan in one hand and a sponge for the national debt in the other?

If, on a late occasion, you could not borrow at a less rate of interest than eight per cent. when the government avowed that they would pay to the last shilling of the public ability, at what price do you expect to raise money with an avowal of these nefarious opinions? God help you! if these are your ways and means for carrying on war—if your finances are in the hands of such a chancellor of the exchequer.

Because a man can take an observation and keep a log-book and a reckoning; can navigate a cock-boat to the West Indies, or the East; shall he aspire to navigate the great vessel of state—to stand at the helm of public councils? *"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."* (1) What are you going to war for? For the carrying trade. Already you possess seven-eighths of it. What is the object in dispute? The fair, honest trade, that exchanges the produce of our soil for foreign articles for home consumption? Not at all.

You are called upon to sacrifice this necessary branch of your navigation, and the great agricultural interest, whose handmaid it is, to jeopardize your best interests, for a circuit-

1 "Let not the cobbler go beyond his last."

ous commerce, for the fraudulent protection of belligerent property under your neutral flag. Will you be goaded by the dreaming calculations of insatiate avarice to stake your all for the protection of this trade? I do not speak of the probable effects of war on the price of our produce; severely as we must feel, we may scuffle through it. I speak of its reaction on the constitution.

You may go to war for this excrescence of the carrying trade, and make peace at the expense of the constitution. Your executive will lord it over you, and you must make the best terms with the conqueror that you can.

But the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Gregg] tells you that he is for acting in this, as in all things, uninfluenced by the opinion of any foreign minister whatever—foreign or, I presume, domestic. On this head I am willing to meet the gentleman, am unwilling to be dictated to by any minister at home or abroad. Is he willing to act on the same independent footing? I have before protested, and I again protest, against secret, irresponsible, overruling influence. The first question I asked when I saw the gentleman's resolution was, "Is this a measure of the cabinet?" Not an open declared cabinet, but an invisible, inscrutable, unconstitutional cabinet—without responsibility, unknown to the constitution. I speak of back-stairs influence, of men who bring messages to this House, which, although they do not appear on the journals, govern its decisions. Sir, the first question that I asked on the subject of British relations was, what was the opinion of the cabinet? What measures will they recommend to Congress?—well knowing that whatever measures we might take they must execute them,

and therefore that we should have their opinion on the subject—My answer was (and from a cabinet minister, too), "There is no longer any cabinet." Subsequent circumstances, sir, have given me a personal knowledge of the fact. It needs no commentary.

But the gentleman has told you that we ought to go to war, if for nothing else, for the fur trade. Now, sir, the people on whose support he seems to calculate, follow, let me tell him, a better business; and let me add that whilst men are happy at home reaping their own fields, the fruits of their labor and industry, there is little danger of their being induced to go sixteen or seventeen hundred miles in pursuit of beavers, raccoons or opossums—much less of going to war for the privilege. They are better employed where they are.

This trade, sir, may be important to Britain, to nations who have exhausted every resource of industry at home—bowed down by taxation and wretchedness. Let them, in God's name, if they please, follow the fur trade. They may, for me, catch every beaven in North America. Yes, sir, our people have a better occupation—a safe, profitable, honorable employment.

Whilst they should be engaged in distant regions in hunting the beaver, they dread lest those whose natural prey they are should begin to hunt them—should pillage their property and assassinate their constitution. Instead of these wild schemes pay off your public debt, instead of prating about its confiscation. Do not, I beseech you, expose at once your knavery and your folly. You have more lands than you know what to do with—you have lately paid fifteen millions

for yet more. Go and work them—and cease to alarm the people with the cry of wolf until they become deaf to your voice or at least laugh at you.

Mr. Chairman, if I felt less regard for what I deem the best interests of this nation than for my own reputation I should not on this day have offered to address you; but would have waited to come out, bedecked with flowers and bouquets of rhetoric, in a set speech. But, sir, I dread lest a tone might be given to the mind of the committee—they will pardon me, but I did fear, from all that I could see or hear, that they might be prejudiced by its advocates (under pretence of protecting our commerce) in favor of this ridiculous and preposterous project—I rose, sir, for one, to plead guilty—to declare in the face of day that I will not go to war for this carrying trade. I will agree to pass for an idiot if this is not the public sentiment; and you will find it to your cost, begin the war when you will.

Gentlemen talk of 1793. They might as well go back to the Trojan war. What was your situation then? Then every heart beat high with sympathy for France—for republican France! I am not prepared to say, with my friend from Pennsylvania, that we were all ready to draw our swords in her cause, but I affirm that we were prepared to have gone great lengths.

I am not ashamed to pay this compliment to the hearts of the American people even at the expense of their understandings. It was a noble and generous sentiment, which nations, like individuals, are never the worse for having felt. They were, I repeat it, ready to make great sacrifices for France. And why ready? because she was fighting the bat-

tles of the human race against the combined enemies of their liberty; because she was performing the part which Great Britain now in fact sustains—forming the only bulwark against universal dominion. Knock away her navy, and where are you? Under the naval despotism of France, unchecked, unqualified by any antagonizing military power —at best but a change of masters. The tyrant of the ocean and the tyrant of the land is one and the same,—lord of all, and who shall say him nay, or wherefore doest thou this thing? Give to the tiger the properties of the shark, and there is no longer safety for the beasts of the forests or the fishes of the sea.

Where was this high anti-Britannic spirit of the gentleman from Pennsylvania when his vote would have put an end to the British treaty, that pestilent source of evil to this country? and at a time, too, when it was not less the interest than the sentiment of this people to pull down Great Britain and exalt France. Then, when the gentleman might have acted with effect, he could not screw his courage to the sticking place. Then England was combined in what has proved a feeble, inefficient coalition, but which gave just cause of alarm to every friend of freedom. Now, the liberties of the human race are threatened by a single power, more formidable than the coalesced world, to whose utmost ambition, vast as it is, the naval force of Great Britain forms the only obstacle.

I am perfectly sensible and ashamed of the trespass I am making on the patience of the committee; but as I know not whether it will be in my power to trouble them again on this

subject I must beg leave to continue my crude and desultory observations. I am not ashamed to confess that they are so.

At the commencement of this session we received a printed message from the President of the United States, breathing a great deal of national honor and indication of the outrages we had endured, particularly from Spain. She was specially named and pointed at. She had pirated upon your commerce, imprisoned your citizens, violated your actual territory, invaded the very limits solemnly established between the two nations by the treaty of San Lorenzo.

Some of the State legislatures (among others the very State on which the gentleman from Pennsylvania relies for support) sent forward resolutions pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, in support of any measures you might take in vindication of your injured rights. Well, sir, what have you done? You have had resolutions laid upon your table—gone to some expense of printing and stationery—mere pen, ink, and paper, and that's all. Like true political quacks, you deal only in handbills and nostrums. Sir, I blush to see the record of our proceedings; they resemble but the advertisements of patent medicines. Here you have the "Worm-destroying Losenges," there, "Church's Cough Drops,"—and, to crown the whole, "Sloan's Vegetable Specific," an infallible remedy for all nervous disorders and vertigoes of brain-sick politicians; each man earnestly adjuring you to give his medicine only a fair trial. If, indeed, these wonder-working nostrums could perform but one-half of what they promise, there is little danger of our dying a political death, at this time at least. But, sir, in

politics as a physic, the doctor is oft-times the most danger- ous disease—and this I take to be our case at present.

But, sir, why do you talk of Spain? There are no longer Pyrenees. There exists no such nation—no such being as a Spanish king or minister. It is a mere juggle played off for the benefit of those who put the mechanism into motion. You know, sir, that you have no differences with Spain—that she is the passive tool of a superior power, to whom at this moment you are crouching. Are your differences indeed with Spain? And where are you going to send your political panacea (resolutions and handbills excepted), your sole arcanum of government—your king cure-all? To Madrid? No—you are not such quacks as not to know where the shoe pinches—to Paris. You know at least where the disease lies, and there apply your remedy. When the nation anxiously demands the result of your deliberations, you hang your heads and blush to tell. You are afraid to tell. Your mouth is hermetically sealed. Your honor has received a wound which must not take air. Gentlemen dare not come forward and avow their work, much less defend it in the presence of the nation. Give them all they ask, that Spain exists, and what then? After shrinking from the Spanish jackal, do you presume to bully the British lion?

But here it comes out. Britian is your rival in trade, and governed, as you are, by counting-house politicians: you would sacrifice the paramount interests of your country to wound that rival. For Spain and France you are carriers—and from customers every indignity is to be endured. And what is the nature of this trade? Is it that carrying trade which sends abroad the flour, tobacco, cotton, beef, pork,

fish, and lumber of this country, and brings back in return foreign articles necessary for our existence or comfort?

No, sir; 'tis a trade carried on, the Lord knows where or by whom: now doubling Cape Horn, now the Cape of Good Hope. I do not say that there is no profit in it—for it would not then be pursued—but 'tis a trade that tends to assimilate our manners and government to those of the most corrupt countries of Europe. Yes, sir; and when a question of great national magnitude presents itself to you, causes those who now prate about national honor and spirit to pocket any insult, to consider it as a mere matter of debit and credit, a business of profit and loss, and nothing else.

The first thing which struck my mind when this resolution was laid on the table was, *"unde derivatur?"* a question always put to us at school—whence comes it? Is this only the putative father of the bantling he is taxed to maintain, or indeed the actual parent, the real progenitor of the child? or is it the production of the cabinet? But I knew you had no cabinet; no system. I had seen dispatches relating to vital measures laid before you, the day after your final decision on those measures, four weeks after they were received; not only their contents, but their very existence, all that time, unsuspected and unknown to men, whom the people fondly believe assist, with their wisdom and experience, at every important deliberation.

Do you believe that this system, or rather this no system, will do? I am free to answer it will not. It cannot last. I am not so afraid of the fair, open, constitutional, responsible influence of government; but I shrink intuitively from

this left-handed, invisible, irresponsible influence which defies the touch but pervades and decides everything. Let the executive come forward to the legislature; let us see whilst we feel it. If we cannot rely on its wisdom, is it any disparagement to the gentleman from Pennsylvania to say that I cannot rely upon him?

No, sir, he has mistaken his talent. He is not the Palinurus on whose skill the nation, at this trying moment, can repose their confidence. I will have nothing to do with this paper; much less will I endorse it and make myself responsible for its goodness. I will not put my name to it. I assert that there is no cabinet, no system, no plan. That which I believe in one place I shall never hesitate to say in another. This is no time, no place, for mincing our steps. The people have a right to know—they shall know—the state of their affairs, at least as far as I am at liberty to communicate them. I speak from personal knowledge. Ten days ago there had been no consultation; there existed no opinion in your executive department; at least, none that was avowed. On the contrary there was an express disavowal of any opinion whatsoever on the great subject before you; and I have good reason for saying that none has been formed since. Some time ago a book was laid on our tables, which like some other bantlings, did not bear the name of its father. Here I was taught to expect a solution of all doubts; an end to all our difficulties. If, sir, I were the foe, as I trust I am the friend, to this nation, I would exclaim, "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book."

At the very outset, in the very first page, I believe, there is a complete abandonment of the principle in dispute. Has

any gentleman get the work? [It was handed by one of the members.] The first position taken is the broad principle of the unlimited freedom of trade between nations at peace, which the writer endeavors to extend to the trade between a neutral and a belligerent power; accompanied, however, by this acknowledgment:

"But, inasmuch as the trade of a neutral with a belligerent nation might, in certain special cases, affect the safety of its antagonist, usage, founded on the principle of necessity, has admitted a few exceptions to the general rule."

Whence comes the doctrine of contraband, blockade, and enemy's property? Now, sir, for what does that celebrated pamphlet, "War in Disguise," which is said to have been written under the eye of the British prime minister, contend, but this "principle of necessity." And this is abandoned by this pamphleteer at the very threshold of the discussion. But as if this were not enough he goes on to assign as a reason for not referring to the authority of the ancients, that "the great change which has taken place in the state of manners, in the maxims of war, and in the course of commerce, make it pretty certain"—[what degree of certainty is this?]—"that either nothing will be found relating to the question, or nothing sufficiently applicable to deserve attention in deciding it."

Here, sir, is an apology of the writer for not disclosing the whole extent of his learning [which might have overwhelmed the reader], in the admission that a change of circumstances ["in the course of commerce"] has made, and therefore will now justify, a total change of the law of nations. What more could the most inveterate advocate of

English ursupation demand? What else can they require to establish all and even more than they contend for? Sir, there is a class of men (we know them very well) who, if you only permit them to lay the foundation, will build you up, step by step, and brick by brick—very neat and showy if not tenable arguments. To detect them, 'tis only necessary to watch their premises, where you will often find the point at issue totally surrendered, as in this case it is. Again: is the "*mare liberum*" anywhere asserted in this book—that free ships make free goods?

No, sir; the right of search is acknowledged; that enemy's property is lawful prize, is sealed and delivered. And after abandoning these principles, what becomes of the doctrine that a mere shifting of the goods from one ship to another, the touching at another port, changes the property? Sir, give up this principle, and there is an end to the question. You lie at the mercy of the conscience of a court of admiralty.

Is Spanish sugar or French coffee made American property by the mere change of the cargo, or even by the landing and payment of the duties? Does this operation affect a change of property? And when those duties are drawn back, and the sugars and coffees re-exported, are they not, as enemy's property, liable to seizure upon the principles of the "examination of the British doctrine," etc. And is there not the best reason to believe that this operation is performed in many if not in most cases, to give a neutral aspect and color to the merchandise?

I am prepared, sir, to be represented as willing to surrender important rights of this nation to a foreign govern-

ment. I have been told that this sentiment is already whispered in the dark by time-servers and sycophants; but if your clerk dared to print them I would appeal to your journals! —I would call for the reading of them; but that I know they are not for profane eyes to look upon. I confess that I am more ready to surrender to a naval power a square league of ocean than to a territorial one a square inch of land within our limits; and I am ready to meet the friends of the resolution on this ground at any time.

Let them take off the injunction of secrecy. They dare not. They are ashamed and afraid to do it. They may give winks and nods and pretend to be wise, but they dare not come out and tell the nation what they have done.

Gentlemen may take notes if they please; but I will never, from any motives short of self-defence, enter upon war. I will never be instrumental to the ambitious schemes of Bonaparte, nor put into his hands what will enable him to wield the world; and on the very principle that I wished success to the French arms in 1793. And wherefore? Because the case is changed. Great Britian can never again see the year 1760. Her Continental influence is gone forever. Let who will be uppermost on the continent of Europe, she must find more than a counterpoise for her strength. Her race is run. She can only be formidable as a maritime power; and even as such perhaps not long. Are you going to justify the acts of the last administration, for which they have been deprived of the government, at our instance? Are you going back to the ground of 1798-9?

I ask of any man who now advocates a rupture with England to assign a single reason for his opinion, that would not

have justified a French war in 1798. If injury and insult abroad would have justified it, we had them in abundance then. But what did the republicans say at that day? That under the cover of a war with France the executive would be armed with a patronage and power which might enable it to master our liberties. They deprecated foreign war and navies, and standing armies, and loans and taxes. The delirium passed away, the good sense of the people triumphed, and our differences were accommodated without a war. And what is there in the situation of England that invites to war with her? 'Tis true she does not deal so largely in perfectibility, but she supplies you with a much more useful commodity—with coarse woolens. With less professions indeed she occupies the place of France in 1793. She is the sole bulwark of the human race against universal dominion. No thanks to her for it. In protecting her own existence she ensures theirs. I care not who stands in this situation, whether England or Bonaparte; I practice the doctrines now that I professed in 1798.

Gentlemen may hunt up the journals if they please—I voted against all such projects under the administration of John Adams, and I will continue to do so under that of Thomas Jefferson. Are you not contented with being free and happy at home? Or will you surrender these blessings, that your merchants may tread on Turkish and Persian carpets and burn the perfumes of the East in their vaulted rooms?

Gentlemen say, 'tis but an annual million lost, and even if it were five times that amount what is it compared with your neutral rights? Sir, let me tell them a hundred mil-

lions will be but a drop in the bucket if once they launch without rudder or compass into this ocean of foreign warfare. Whom do they want to attack—England? They hope it is a popular thing, and talk about Bunker's Hill and the gallant feats of our revolution. But is Bunker's Hill to be the theatre of war? No, sir, you have selected the ocean; and the object of attack is that very navy which prevented the combined fleets of France and Spain from levying contributions upon you in your own seas; that very navy which in the famous war of 1798 stood between you and danger.

Whilst the fleets of the enemy were pent up in Toulon or pinioned in Brest we performed wonders, to be sure; but, sir, if England had drawn off, France would have told you quite a different tale. You would have struck no medals. This is not the sort of conflict that you are to count upon if you go to war with Great Britian.

"*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*" (1) And are you mad enough to take up the cudgels that have been struck from the nerveless hands of the three great maritime powers of Europe? Shall the planter mortgage his little crop and jeapordize the constitution in support of commercial monopoly, in the vain hope of satisfying the insatiable greediness of trade? Administer the constitution upon principles for the general welfare, and not for the benefit of any particular class of men. Do you meditate war for the possession of Baton Rouge or Mobile, places which your own laws declare to be within your limits? Is it even for the fair trade that exchanges your surplus products for such foreign arti-

1 Whom God wishes to destroy he first makes mad.

cles as you require? No, sir, 'tis for a circuitous traffic —an *ignis fatuus.*

And against whom? A nation from whom you have anything to fear? I speak as to our liberties. No, sir, with a nation from whom you have nothing, or next to nothing, to fear—to the aggrandizement of one against which you have everything to dread. I look to their ability and interest, not to their disposition. When you rely on that, the case is desperate. Is it to be inferred from all this that I would yield to Great Britian? No; I would act towards her now as I was disposed to do towards France in 1798-9 —treat with her; and for the same reason, on the same principles. Do I say treat with her? At this moment you have a negotiation pending with her government. With her you have not tried negotiation and failed, totally failed, as you have done with Spain, or rather France. And wherefore, under such circumstances, this hostile spirit to the one, and this—I won't say what—to the other?

But a great deal is said about the laws of nations. What is national law but national power guided by national interest? You yourselves acknowledge and practice upon this principle where you can, or where you dare,—with the Indian tribes, for instance. I might give another and more forcible illustration. Will the learned lumber of your libraries add a ship to your fleet or a shilling to your revenue? Will it pay or maintain a single soldier? And will you preach and prate of violations of your neutral rights when you tamely and meanly submit to the violation of your territory? Will you collar the stealer of your sheep, and let

him escape that has invaded the repose of your fireside; has insulted your wife and children under your own roof?

This is the heroism of truck and traffic—the public spirit of sordid avarice. Great Britian violates your flag on the high seas. What is her situation? Contending, not for the dismantling of Dunkirk, for Quebec, or Pondicherry, but for London and Westminster—for life. Her enemy violating at will the territories of other nations—acquiring thereby a colossal power that threatens the very existence of her rival. But she has one vulnerable point to the arms of her adversary which she covers with the ensigns of neutrality. She draws the neutral flag over the heel of Achilles. And can you ask that adversary to respect it at the expense of her existence? And in favor of whom?—an enemy that respects no neutral territory of Europe, and not even your own? I repeat that the insults of Spain towards this nation have been at the instigation of France; that there is no longer any Spain. Well, sir, because the French government do not put this into the "Moniteur," you choose to shut your eyes to it. None so blind as those who will not see. You shut your own eyes, and to blind those of other people you go into conclave and slink out again and say—"a great affair of State!"—*C'est une grande affaire d' Etat!*

It seems that your sensibility is entirely confined to the extremities. You may be pulled by the nose and ears, and never feel it; but let your strong-box be attacked, and you are all nerve—"Let us go to war!" Sir, if they called upon me only for my little *peculium* to carry it on, perhaps I might give it: but my rights and liberties are involved in the grant, and I will never surrender them whilst I have life.

The gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Crowninshield] is for sponging the debt. I can never consent to it. I will never bring the ways and means of fraudulent bankruptcy into your committee of supply. Confiscation and swindling shall never be found among my estimates, to meet the current expenditure of peace or war. No, sir. I have said with the doors closed, and I say so when they are open, "Pay the public debt." Get rid of that dead weight upon your government, that cramp upon all your measures, and then you may put the world at defiance.

So long as it hangs upon you, you must have revenue, and to have revenue you must have commerce—commerce, peace. And shall these nefarious schemes be advised for lightening the public burdens? will you resort to these low and pitiful shifts? will you dare even to mention these dishonest artifices to eke out your expenses when the public treasure is lavished on Turks and infidels; on singing boys, and dancing girls; to furnish the means of bestiality to an African barbarian?

Gentlemen say that Great Britian will count upon our divisions. How! What does she know of them? Can they ever expect greater unanimity than prevailed at the last Presidential election? No, sir, 'tis the gentleman's own conscience that squeaks. But if she cannot calculate upon your divisions, at least she may reckon upon your pusillanimity. She may well despise the resentment that cannot be excited to honorable battle on its own ground—the mere effusion of mercantile cupidity.

Gentlemen talk of repealing the British treaty. The gentleman from Pennsylvania should have thought of that be-

fore he voted to carry it into effect. And what is all this for? A point which Great Britian will not abandon to Russia you expect her to yield to you. Russia indisputably the second power of continental Europe, with half a million of hardy troops, with sixty sail of the line, thirty millions of subjects, a territory more extensive even than our own —Russia, sir, the storehouse of the British navy—whom it is not more the policy and the interest than the sentiment of that government to soothe and to conciliate; her sole hope of a diversion on the Continent—her only efficient ally. What this formidable power cannot obtain with fleets and armies you will command by writ—with pot-hooks and hangers.

I am for no such policy. True honor is always the same. Before you enter into a contest, public or private, be sure you have fortitude enough to go through with it. If you mean war, say so, and prepare for it.

Look on the other side—behold the respect in which France holds neutral rights on land—observe her conduct in regard to the Franconian estates of the King of Prussia: I say nothing of the petty powers—of the Elector of Baden, or of the Swiss: I speak of a first-rate monarchy of Europe, and at a moment too when its neutrality was the object of all others nearest to the heart of the French Emperor. If you make him monarch of the ocean you may bid adieu to it forever.

You may take your leave, sir, of navigation—even of the Mississippi. What is the situation of New Orleans if attacked to-morrow? Filled with a discontented and repining people, whose language, manners, and religion all incline them to the invader—a dissatisfied people, who despise the

miserable governor you have set over them—whose honest prejudices and basest passions alike take part against you. I draw my information from no dubious source—from a native American, an enlightened member of that odious and imbecile government. You have official information that the town and its dependencies are utterly defenceless and untenable—a firm belief that, apprised of this, government would do something to put the place in a state of security, alone has kept the American portion of that community quiet. You have held that post—you now hold it—by the tenure of the naval predominance of England, and yet you are for a British naval war.

There are now two great commercial nations. Great Britain is one—we are the other. When you consider the many points of contact between your interests, you may be surprised that there has been so little collision. Sir, to the other belligerent nations of Europe your navigation is a convenience, I might say a necessity. If you do not carry for them they must starve, at least for the luxuries of life, which custom has rendered almost indispensable. And if you cannot act with some degree of spirit towards those who are dependent upon you as carriers, do you reckon to browbeat a jealous rival who, the moment she lets slip the dogs of war, sweeps you, at a blow, from the ocean? And *cui bono?* for whose benefit?—The planter? Nothing like it. The fair, honest, real American merchant? No, sir—for renegadoes; to-day America—to-morrow, Danes. Go to war when you will, the property now covered by the American will then pass under the Danish or some other neutral flag. Gentlemen say that one English ship is worth three of ours:

we shall therefore have the advantage in privateering. Did they ever know a nation to get rich by privateering?

This is stuff for the nursery. Remember that your products are bulky—as has been stated—that they require a vast tonnage. Take these carriers out of the market—what is the result? The manufactures of England, which (to use a finishing touch of the gentleman's rhetoric) have received the finishing stroke of art, lie in a small comparative compass. The neutral trade can carry them. Your produce rots in the warehouse—you go to Statia or St. Thomas's, and get a striped blanket for a joe, if you can raise one—double freight, charges, and commissions. Who receives the profit?—The carrier. Who pays it?—The consumer.

All your produce that finds its way to England must bear the same accumulated charges, with this difference: that there the burden falls on the home price. I appeal to the experience of the last war, which has been so often cited. What, then, was the price of produce and of broadcloth?

But you are told England will not make war—she has her hands full. Holland calculated in the same way in 1781. How did it turn out? You stand now in the place of Holland, then—without her navy, unaided by the preponderating fleets of France and Spain, to say nothing of the Baltic powers. Do you want to take up the cudgels where these great maritime powers have been forced to drop them? to meet Great Britain on the ocean and drive her off its face? If you are so far gone as this, every capital measure of your policy hitherto has been wrong. You should have nurtured the old and devised new systems of taxation—have cherished your navy. Begin this business when you may,

land taxes, stamp acts, window taxes, hearth money, excise, in all its modifications of vexation and oppression, must precede or follow after.

But, sir, as French is the fashion of the day, I may be asked for my *projet*. I can readily tell gentlemen what I will not do. I will not propitiate any foreign nation with money. I will not launch into a naval war with Great Britain, although I am ready to meet her at the Cow-pens or Bunker's Hill. And for this plain reason.

We are a great land animal, and our business is on shore. I will send her no money, sir, on any pretext whatsoever, much less on pretence of buying Labrador or Botany Bay, when my real object was to secure limits which she formally acknowledged at the peace of 1783. I go further—I would (if anything) have laid an embargo. This would have got our own property home and our adversary's into our power. If there is any wisdom left among us the first step toward hostility will always be an embargo. In six months all your mercantile megrims would vanish. As to us, although it would cut deep, we can stand it. Without such a precaution, go to war when you will, you go to the wall. As to debts, strike the balance to-morrow, and England is, I believe, in our debt.

I hope, sir, to be excused for proceeding in this desultory course. I flatter myself I shall not have occasion again to trouble you—I know not that I shall be able—certainly not willing, unless provoked in self-defence. I ask your attention to the character of the inhabitants of that southern country on whom gentlemen rely for the support of their measure. Who and what are they? A simple agricultu-

ral people, accustomed to travel in peace to market with the produce of their labor. Who takes it from us?

Another people devoted to manufactures—our sole source of supply. I have seen some stuff in the newspapers about manufactures in Saxony, and about a man who is no longer the chief of a dominant faction. The greatest man whom I ever knew—the immortal author of the letters of Curtius—has remarked the proneness of cunning people to wrap up and disguise, in well-selected phrases, doctrines too deformed and detestable to bear exposure in naked words; by a judicious choice of epithets to draw the attention from the lurking principle beneath and perpetuate delusion. But a little while ago, and any man might be proud to be considered as the head of the republican party. Now, it seems, 'tis reproachful to be deemed the chief of a dominant faction.

Mark the magic words! Head, chief. Republican party, dominant faction. But as to these Saxon manufactures. What became of their Dresden china? Why, the Prussian bayonets have broken all the pots, and you are content with Worcestershire or Saffordshire ware. There are some other fine manufactures on the Continent, but no supply, except, perhaps, of linens, the article we can best dispense with. A few individuals, sir, may have a coat of Louviers cloth, or a service of Sèvres china; but there is too little, and that little too dear, to furnish the nation. You must depend on the fur-trade in earnest, and wear buffalo hides and bear skins.

Can any man who understands Europe pretend to say that a particular foreign policy is now right because it would

have been expedient twenty or even ten years ago, without abandoning all regard for common sense? Sir, it is the statesman's province to be guided by circumstances, to anticipate, to foresee them, to give them a course and a direction, to mold them to his purpose.

It is the business of a counting house clerk to peer into the day-book and ledger, to see no further than the spectacles on his nose, to feel not beyond the pen behind his ear, to chatter in coffee-houses, and be the oracle of clubs. From 1783 to 1793, and even later (I don't stickle for dates), France had a formidable marine—so had Holland—so had Spain. The two first possessed thriving manufactures and a flourishing commerce. Great Britain, tremblingly alive to her manufacturing interests and carrying trade, would have felt to the heart any measure calculated to favor her rivals in these pursuits; she would have yielded then to her fears and her jealousy alone.

What is the case now? She lays an extra duty on her manufactures, and there ends the question. If Georgia shall (from whatever cause) so completely monopolize the culture of cotton as to be able to lay an export duty of three per cent upon it, besides taxing its cultivators in every other shape that human or infernal ingenuity can devise, is Pennsylvania likely to rival her or take away the trade?

But, sir, it seems that we who are opposed to this resolution are men of no nerves—who trembled in the day of the British treaty—cowards (I presume) in the reign of terror! Is this true? Hunt up the journals; let our actions tell. We pursue our unshaken course. We care not for the nations of Europe, but make foreign relations bend to our poli-

tical principles and subserve our country's interest. We have no wish to see another Actium, or Pharsalia, or the lieutenants of a modern Alexander playing at piquet or all-fours for the empire of the world. 'Tis poor comfort to us to be told that France has too decided a taste for luxurious things to meddle with us; that Egypt is her object, or the coast of Barbary, and at the worst we shall be the last devoured.

We are enamored with neither nation—we would play their own game upon them, use them for our interest and convenience. But with all my abhorrence of the British government I should not hesitate between Westminster Hall and a Middlesex jury on the one hand, and the wood of Vincennes and a file of grenadiers, on the other. That jury trial which walked with Horne Tooke and Hardy through the flames of ministerial persecutions is, I confess, more to my taste than the trial of the Duke d'Enghien.

Mr. Chairman, I am sensible of having detained the committee longer than I thought—certainly much longer than I intended. I am equally sensible of their politeness, and not less so, sir, of your patient attention. It is your own indulgence, sir, badly requited indeed, to which you owe this persecution. I might offer another apology for these undigested, desultory remarks; my never having seen the treasury documents. Until I came into the House this morning I have been stretched on a sick bed.

But when I behold the affairs of this nation, instead of being where I hoped, and the people believed they were, in the hands of responsible men, committed to Tom, Dick, and Harry—to the refuse of the retail trade of politics—I do feel, I cannot help feeling, the most deep and serious con-

cern. If the executive government would step forward and say, "Such is our plan, such is our opinion, and such are our reasons in support of it," I would meet it fairly, would openly oppose or pledge myself to support it. But without compass or polar star I will not launch into an ocean of unexplored measures which stand condemned by all the information to which I have access. The constitution of the United States declares it to be the province and duty of the President "to give to Congress, from time to time, information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge expedient and necessary." Has he done it? I know, sir, that we may say, and do say, that we are independent (would it were true); as free to give a direction to the executive as to receive it from him. But do what you will, foreign relations—every measure short of war, and even the course of hostilities—depend upon him. He stands at the helm and must guide the vessel of state.

I think our citizens just as well entitled to know what has passed as the Marquis Yrujo, who has bearded your President to his face, insulted your government within its own peculiar jurisdiction, and outraged all decency. Do you mistake this diplomatic puppet for an automaton? He has orders for all he does. Take his instructions from his pocket to-morrow, they are signed "Charles Maurice Talleyrand."

Let the nation know what they have to depend upon. Be true to them, and trust me, they will prove true to themselves and to you. The people are honest; now at home at their plows, not dreaming of what you are about. But the spirit of inquiry that has too long slept will be, must be, awakened. Let them begin to think; not to say such things are proper because they have been done, but, what has been done? and wherefore?—and all will be right.

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

The following entertaining anecdotes are taken very largely from that excellent work, "Reminiscences of John Randolph of Roanoke," by Powhatan Bouldin.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF RANDOLPH.

The moment one laid eyes on Mr. Randolph he felt conscious of seeing a great man. Under great mental excitement his appearance was unusually striking. On one occasion, when he was about to make a speech at Charlotte Court-House, a gentleman said of him:

"As he saw the people gather around the stand, his eye began to kindle, his color to rise; and as he became more and more animated, his eyes sparkled brighter and brighter, and his cheeks grew rosy, the wrinkles on his face seemed to disappear with the sallowness and languor, and he became almost transfigured."

This was the case with Patrick Henry on great occasions; but the appearance of Mr. Randolph was remarkable on all occasions. "Patrick Henry's countenance, which," Mr. Baldwin in his Party Leaders remarks, "under the excitement of speech was almost articulate with the emotions that thrilled his soul, was almost dull in repose; and Mr. Clay had nothing but a lofty brow and bright eye to redeem his face from uncommon plainness."

There was nothing plain or common about the features of Mr. Randolph. When he made his appearance he not only caused the schoolboy to drop his paddle, while the ball passed unheeded by, but the pious member of the church forgot to say his prayers, and the grave senator turned his eyes from the affairs of state and fixed them on him.

RANDOLPH AND HIS OPPONENT.

About this time our difficulties with England had greatly increased—war became probable; the administration resorted to measures of restriction upon commerce, such as embargo and non-intercourse laws. On these measures Mr. Randolph took strong grounds against the administration. The consequence was, that at the next congressional election he was opposed by John W. Eppes, who was the son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson.

In due time the election came on. Mr. Eppes brought with him from Washington what was called a *cart-load* of *authorities*, laid the books on the stile in front of the court-house—large tomes of documents, such as had never been seen by the natives. There was an immense crowd present. Natives and foreigners from all the surrounding and adjoining counties came to hear Mr. Randolph speak and to see the son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson.

Eppes led off from the stile, knee-deep in books and documents. He was rather a dull speaker—read too much, and fatigued the people. Mr. Randolph in reply remarked that "the gentleman is a very good *reader*." His wit and humor soon caused interruption by some of

the injudicious and impulsive friends of Mr. Eppes: Colonel Gideon Spencer was the first who interrupted him. High words ensued; the excitement was beyond anything I ever witnessed; the crowd seemed to apprehend a collision of parties. Some friend of Mr. Randolph hallooed out, "Stand firm and keep cool," or something to that effect. Then we have the reply of Mr. Randolph which has been so often repeated that it has become stale, "I am as cool as the centre seed of the cucumber."

Mr. Randolph remained on the court-yard for some time after the speaking was over. The excitement was even greater than before. Mr. Randolph at that time had an overseer by the name of P., a large, rough, raw-boned man, head and shoulders above the crowd.

This man P., with a large horseman's whip in his hand, held in a threatening attitude, followed Mr. Randolgh through the crowd, which was waving to and fro, insisting that Mr. Randolph would be attacked and that he should be protected; while Randolph, on his part, directed P. to keep quiet. The day, however, passed without disturbance.—*W. B. Green.*

RANDOLPH AS AN ELECTIONEER.

Mr. Randolph once remarked, that "if electioneering were allowed in heaven, it would corrupt the angels." If forcing a little civility towards the common people, for whom he really had scarcely any sympathy, be corruption, why then it must be admitted that he was slightly corrupted. He was never so civil as on the eve of election. It was the Saturday before the Charlotte election,

as we shall learn from the "Recollections" of Hon. James W. Bouldin, that he conversed freely and familiarly with the people on various subjects, and evinced a great desire to make himself agreeable and acceptable.

But, judging from one little circumstance, which was related to us by a reverend gentleman, whose mind was stored with some lively recollections of his peculiar countryman, we should say he had no civility to waste upon those who were of no use to him.

Riding from Prince Edward court he overtook a gentleman on horseback.

"How do you do Mr. L?" said Mr. Randolph, in the politest manner imaginable.

Having exchanged salutations, he informed the gentleman that he was a candidate again for Congress, and asked him outright for his vote.

Mr. L. regretted that by the laws of the land he was not entitled to vote.

"Good morning, Mr. L.," replied Mr. Randolph abruptly, and rode off.

RANDOLPH'S UNFITNESS FOR HIGH OFFICE.

We have a county pride (the writer was born and raised in Charlotte), a State pride, and a national pride in Mr. Randolph, but we do not regret that he was not made President of the United States. If, by nothing else, he was disqualified for that office by his misanthropy.

Whatever pearls there may be in the head, if poison be in the heart, the man is unfit. One of his biographers might say he ought never to have occupied the presiden-

tial chair, "because he wanted the profound views of a great statesman." His views, we submit, were profound upon every subject he touched. That is not what was the matter. His *affections* were too contracted. His views were indeed profound, but he wished to turn them

Old Court-House at Williamsburg, Va., where Randolph attended William and Mary College.

to the advantage of his own State only. His mind was expanded, but he never could expand his soul, so as to include the entire nation.

It is natural and well for one to desire the prosperity and glory of his own State; but if his feelings be as intensely Virginian, as Mr. Randolph's, his ambition should

be limited to the highest position which that State can confer. And here we take occasion to remark, that the only act which mars the beauty of Mr. Randolph's political life was his acceptance of a foreign mission.

We repeat he was not qualified for a high executive office, nor do we imagine that he was much disappointed at not being made President of the United States.

RANDOLPH DYING AND YET LIVING.

For the following curious incident we are indebted to Colonel Thomas S. Flournoy, who, though a lad at the time, has a vivid recollection of the scene he describes.

He says that, in the year of 1829, he and his father were on their way to Halifax Court-House; about sunset they stopped at Roanoke; Johnny, Mr. Randolph's body servant, met them, and informed his master of their arrival. They were invited into Mr. Randolph's bed-room, and what followed we will give as nearly as possible in the language of our witness.

Colonel Flournoy is a man of national reputation, and we are glad to have such undoubted authority for the strange statement which he makes. He says: "My father inquired after Mr. Randolph's health. His reply was: 'John, I am dying: I shall not live through the night.'

"My father informed him that we were on our way to Halifax court. He requested us to say to the people on Monday, court day, that he was no longer a candidate for the convention; that he did not expect to live through the night, certainly not till the meeting of the convention.

"He soon began to discuss the questions of reform and the proposed changes in the constitution. Becoming excited, he seemed to forget that he was a 'dying' man. In a short time we were invited to tea, and when we returned to his room we found him again in a 'dying' condition, but, as before, he soon began to discuss the subject of the convention; and becoming more and more animated, he rose up in bed—my father and myself being the only auditors—and delivered one of the most interesting speeches, in conversational style, that it was ever my good fortune to hear, occupying the time, from half past eight till midnight.

"The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Mr. Randolph sent for us again. We found him again in a 'dying' condition. He stated to us that he was satisfied that he would not live through the day, and repeated his request that my father would have it announced to the people of Halifax that he declined being a candidate for the convention. Once more he became animated while discussing the convention, and kept us till 10 o'clock at his house. When we were about to start he took solemn leave of us, saying: 'In all probability you will never see us again.'

"Before we reached Clarke's Ferry, five miles distant, I heard some one coming on horseback, pushing to overtake us, which proved to be Mr. Randolph, with Johnny in a sulky following.

"We travelled on together until we came to the road leading to Judge Leigh's. Mr. Randolph then left us, to spend the night with Judge Leigh. The next morn-

ing, Monday, he rode nine miles to court, where an immense crowd of people had assembled to hear him. He addressed them in the open air on the subject of the convention in a strain of argument and sarcastic eloquence rarely equalled by any one."

RANDOLPH AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

Mr. William H. Elliott relates the following story:

"I sometimes on Friday evening accompanied my schoolfellow, Tudor Randolph, who was an amiable youth, to Roanoke, to hunt and fish and swim.

"The house was so completely and closely environed by trees and underwood of original growth, that it seemed to have been taken by the top and let down into the bosom of a dense virgin forest. Mr. Randolph would never permit even a switch to be cut anywhere near the house. Without being aware of such an interdiction I one day committed a serious trespass.

"Tudor and I were one day roving in the woods near the house, when I observed a neat hickory plant, about an inch thick, which I felled. Tudor expressed his regret after seeing what I had done, saying he was afraid his uncle would be angry. I went immediately to Mr. Randolph and informed him of what I had ignorantly done, and expressed regret for it.

"He took the stick, looked pensively at it for some seconds, as if commiserating its fate. Then looking at me more in sorrow than in anger, he said:

"'Sir, I would not have had it done for fifty Spanish milled dollars!'

"I had seventy-five cents in my pocket, at that time called four-and-sixpence, and had some idea of offering it to the owner of the premises as an equivalent for the damage I had done, but when I heard about the fifty Spanish milled dollars, I was afraid of insulting him by offering the meagre atonement of seventy-five cents. I wished very much to get away from him, but thought it rude to withdraw abruptly without knowing whether he was done with me.

"'Did you want this for a cane?'

"No, sir.

"'No, you are not old enough to need a cane.'

"'Did you want it for any particular purpose?'

"No, sir, I only saw it was a pretty stick, and thought I'd cut it.

Peyton Randolph, President First Continental Congress. Relative to John Randolph.

"He said, we can be justified in taking animal life, only to furnish us food, or to remove some hurtful object out of the way. We cannot be justified in taking even vegetable life without having some useful object in view.

"He then quoted the following lines from Cowper.

> "I would not enter on my list of friends,
> Tho' graced with polished manners and fine sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility, the man,
> Who needlessly set foot upon a worm."

"'Now,' he continued, 'God Almighty planted this thing, and you have killed it without any adequate ob-

ject. It would have grown to a large nut-tree, in whose boughs numerous squirrels would have gamboled and feasted on its fruit. Those squirrels in their turn might have furnished food for some human beings.'

"Here he made a pause, but looked as if he had something more to say, yet only added.

"'I hope and believe, sir, you will never do the like again.' "Never, sir never!"

"He got up and put the stick in a corner, and I made my escape to Tudor in an adjacent room, where he had remained an invisible but sympathizing auditor of this protacted rebuke.

"It was some time before I could cut a switch or a fishing rod without feeling that I was doing some sort of violence to the economy of the vegetable kingdom.

"When reflecting on this passage of my boyish history, I have thought that Mr. Randolph's tenderness for vegetable life, as evinced on this occasion, was strangely contrasted with the terrific onslaughts he sometimes perpetrated on human feelings. But Mr. Randolph was not a subject for ordinary speculation. He would sometimes surprise his enemy by unexpected civility, and anon, mortify his friend by undeserved abruptness.

"He was an edition of Man, of which there was but one copy, and he was that copy. Sometimes he would take the whole world in the arms of his affection. When in a different mood, he seemed ready to hurl the offending planet into the furnace of the sun."

ECCENTRIC EVEN WITH CHILDREN.

Randolph's eccentricities, largely the result of his ill health and abnormal physical sensibilities, extended even to the young people with whom he came in contact. He was often gentle as a refined woman to them. Again he would flare up at them as if they ought to have the consideration and wisdom of maturity in dealing with what he himself, in his sane moments, knew to be an unaccountable temperament.

It is seldom that he attempted to unbend with children, and he never quite succeeded. He always seemed to feel that the burden lay upon him to "point of moral or adorn a tale," to deliver a set speech or lecture upon whatever theme or occurrence was to the fore.

The story of the little hickory switch, cut by his nephew's playmate with boyish naturalness, has already been told—how Mr. Randolph took the occasion to deliver then and there a moral lecture, taking for his theme the sacredness of vegetable life.

Upon another occasion three boys were visiting Mr. Randolph. After spending a long summer's day in hunting squirrels, climbing trees, swimming, and other tiring boyish sports, they and the statesman of Roanoke retired together to their sleeping room. The boys slept on the floor, Mr. Randolph in a bed by himself. When thus stretched out at full length under a single sheet, he is described as looking "like a pair of oyster tongs." He was reading a book by the light of a candle. At length he dropped his book, looked up at the ceiling and solemnly delivered this query:

"Boys, why may not the earth be an animal?"

All were either too dull or too sleepy to answer and there was a deep silence, which probably did not displease Mr. Randolph, as he was enabled to continue:

"The ocean of the earth may be regarded as the great receptacle of the blood, or the heart, the rivers are the veins and arteries, the rocks are the bones, the trees are the hair of the animal, the soil the scalp, and men and other vermin inhabit the surface. If we dig a hole in the earth or wound it in any way, we find that it has a tendency to heal up."

Tudor, one of the boys, was fat and perhaps more overcome with the exercises of the day than the others. He therefore not only fell asleep, despite this impressive parallel, but commenced to snore.

Randolph's quick ear caught the sound and he dropped his flashing eyes upon the boys with an indignant "Is that beef-headed fellow asleep already?"

As the beef-headed nephew continued to snore, Randolph impatiently put out his candle and turned toward the wall in disgust.

TENDER TO THE WEAK.

Like many possessed with a terrible mental energy Randolph was tender as a woman when in the presence of those whom he knew were powerless before him. Not a little of his magnetic power dwelt in his eyes and of this he was aware.

On these points, William H. Elliott, of Charlotte county, who, with Mr. Randolph's nephew Tudor, attended a classical school a short distance from Roanoke, relates that the

statesman with the withering sarcasm and the blasting eye was among the visitors who called one evening to hear the boys declaim. When the fact became known there was a wholesale panic among the pupils and they all begged to have declamations postponed. But the master of the school believed that the Randolph Presence would prove a heroic remedy for stage fright.

The visitors were on one side of the room, the boys occupied a bench on the other. The narrator of the story was the youngest of the pupils and perhaps the most timid. He was also first on the list and the thought of declaiming before the terrible John Randolph of Roanoke was little less than annihilation.

"But all suspense must end somehow or other. At length our dominee looked towards us with a stern expression—'time for exercises to commence.'

"It was time to move now, live or die. I rose, advanced a step or two on the floor and made my bow, without venturing to look directly at him. I saw that Mr. Randolph returned my bow, though no one else did. I regarded all the rest of the company as only so many saplings in the woods.

"It may well be supposed that I commenced in a very tremulous manner; for I imagined that he was stabbing me through and through with his perforating dirk-like gaze. After twisting and wriggling about for some minutes like a worm in the focus of a sun glass, I ventured to raise my eyes to him and to my inexpressible comfort and encouragement, I found that he had un-Randolphed himself, pro tem. That is to say, by quenching his eyes, looking down on the

floor and assuming a listless uncriticising air, he had diluted himself in the crowd around him.

"All this, I have since thought, was done to lessen, if possible, the embarrassment of the speakers; for he saw intuitively that his presence was oppressive. But at that time, when I saw him look so humble, I fancied I was getting the better of him. While I had him down, I poured it upon him; my enthusiasm arose and I fairly deluged him with a cataract of Fox's eloquence. When I concluded he seemed to come partially to life; looked up with a pleased expression, as much as to say, 'That does pretty well.'"

In his old age, another Charlotte county man relates a less brave experience; it was his first sight of Mr. Randolph, while he was a schoolboy: "He was riding by on horseback. I had the paddle raised to strike a ball while playing a game of cat. So remarkable was his appearance that I failed to strike while gazing at him. I had no idea who he was, or that he was a distinguished man."

RANDOLPH'S ONE GREAT ANCHOR.

Randolph once wrote to a friend: "I am a fatalist. I am all but friendless. Only one human being ever knew me. *She* only knew me."

That one and only human being was the *one and only* of many sensitive, harassed lives—his mother. She died before he was fifteen years of age and when she herself was but thirty-six, leaving behind the pervading fragrance of a gentle wisdom and piety, as well as of a rare wit and beauty of person. She was the one great anchor of his being and it was the application of her counsels which saved his fame

from total wreckage. She it was who inspired him with the ambition to become an orator "as great a speaker as Jerman Baker or Edmund Randolph," and during his early years taught him from the masters of eloquence herself. "That gave a bent to my disposition," he continues. "At Princeton college, where I spent a few months, the prize of elocution was borne away by mouthers and ranters. I never would speak if I could possibly avoid it, and, when I could not, repeated, without gesture, the shortest piece that I had committed to memory. I remember some verses from Pope, and the first anonymous letter from Newberg, made up the sum and substance of my spoutings and I can yet repeat much of the first epistle (to Lord Chatham) of the former and a good deal of the latter. I was then as conscious of my superiority over my competitors in delivery and elocution, as I am now that they are sunk in oblivion; and I despised the award and the umpires in the bottom of my heart. I believe there is nowhere such foul play as among professors and schoolmasters; more especially if they are priests. I have had a contempt for college honors ever since."

It was long before this, when the boy was about eight years of age, that his mother had planted in his breast the determination to bind himself for life to the family estate. When riding over the great Raonoke plantation one day she took John up behind her and waving her hand to cover the broad view, said: "Johnny, all this land belongs to you and your brother Theodorick; it is your father's inheritance. When you get to be a man you must not sell your land. It is the first step toward ruin for a boy to

part with his father's home. Be sure to keep it as long as you live. Keep your land and your land will keep you."

And thus it proved. Roanoke, with its wild, primeval solitude—virtually his only white companion a young relative, Theodore Dudley—was his one great anchor and held his brilliant mind from being buffeted hither and thither by the insane promptings of his passions. Here he could and did often retire from the world, only receiving and corresponding with a few friends.

SELF-CONSCIOUS GENIUS.

There is no doubt that Randolph was intensely self-conscious, which is usually a result of physicial disease and abnormal sensibilities. There is no doubt also that his strong passions or mental intensity often carried that self completely out of his miserable body. But even as a young man the first impression left upon strangers, after they had recovered from his remarkable appearance, was that he was one who appreciated the fact that he was not as others are.

A Charleston, S. C., bookseller has described the wonderful transformation which came over Randolph's face, when he passed, like a flash, from his impudent to his rapt state of being; it may be said that the young man was at the time on a visit to a companion and that he had formed the acquaintance of a handsome, hearty old Scotch baronet, who was as fond of horses and horse racing as he—the Scotchman being probably his companion of the narrative:

"On a bright sunny morning, early in February, 1796, might have been seen entering my bookstore in Charleston, S. C., a fine looking, florid complexioned, old gentleman,

with hair white as snow, which, contrasted with his own complexion, showed him to have been a free liver, or *bon vivant* of the first order. Along with him was a tall, gawky-looking flaxen-haired stripling, apparently of the age from sixteen to eighteen, with a complexion of a good parchment color, beardless chin, and as much assumed self-consequence as any two-footed animal I ever saw. This was John Randolph.

"I handed him from the shelves volume after volume, which he tumbled carlessly over and handed back again. At length he hit upon something that struck his fancy. My eye happened to be fixed upon his face at the moment, and never did I witness so perfect a change of the human countenance. That which before was dull and heavy, in a moment became animated and flushed with the brightest beams of intellect. He stepped up to the old gray-headed gentleman, and, giving him a thundering slap on the shoulder, said, 'Jack, look at this!' I was young then, but I never can forget the thought that rushed upon my mind at the moment, which was that he was the most impudent youth I ever saw."

RANDOLPH'S MINOR TASTES.

During the early years of his public life, Randolph drank but little more than wine and coffee. His dwelling on his Charlotte farm was a single-story wooden building, with two rooms down stairs and two more under the roof. He had no unnecessary furniture, but what he had was of the neatest kind and generally of the best materials. One of his favorite breakfasts was coffee, butter and honey, with cold bacon.

Randolph was particularly fond of good coffee—good and strong. If an inferior article was offered his sarcasm had no bounds. On one occasion, while stopping at a hotel, a cup of so-called coffee was set at his plate. One glance of his eye and he beckoned the waiter.

"Servant," said he, "if this be coffee, give me tea, and if it be tea, give me coffee."

Randolph was as fond of horses as Webster was of cattle and imported not a few blooded English stallions and mares. He occasionally put horses on the turf, but without much success.

It is related that while attending a famous race in his day between "Eclipse" and "Henry"—a Northern and a Southern horse—a stranger stepped up to him and offered to bet five hundred dollars on the former.

Of course Randolph was Southern to the core.

"Done," he said promptly.

"Colonel Thompson will hold the stakes," replied the stranger.

"But who will hold Colonel Thompson?" promptly inquired Mr. Randolph.

And Colonel Thompson's friend promptly retreated.

Randolph was a skillful hunter and one of the best marksmen in the South. His love of dogs was great and whenever he made a visit to a friend's house he usually brought them with him. One who knows says: "They were suffered to poke their noses into everything and go where they pleased, from kitchen to parlor. They were a great annoyance to ladies and housekeepers. This, however, was quietly

submitted to, as any unkind treatment to his dogs would have been regarded as an insult to himself."

Randolph had a fine taste for music, which he says he inherited from his grandmother. This he never cultivated, "owing," he adds, "in a great measure to the low estimate that I saw the fiddling, piping gentry held in when I was young, but partly to the torture that my poor brother used to inflict upon me when essaying to learn to play upon the violin, now about forty years ago.

"I have a taste for painting, but never attempted drawing. I had read a great deal upon it and had seen a few good pictures before I went to England. There I astonished some of their connoisseurs as much by the facility with which I pointed out the hand of a particular master, without reference to the catalogue, as by my exact knowledge of the geography, topography and statistics of the country.

"For poetry I have had a decided taste from my childhood, yet never attempted to write one line of it. This taste I have sedulously cultivated. I believe I was deterred from attempting poetry by the verses of Billy Mumford and some other taggers of rime, which I heard praised (I allude to espistles in verse, written at 12 or 13 years old) but secretly in my heart despised. I also remembered to have heard some poetry of Lord Chatham and of Mr. Fox, which I thought then, and still think, to be unworthy of their illustrious names—and before Horace had taught me that 'neither gods, nor men, nor booksellers' stalls could endure middling poetry' I thought none but an inspired pen should attempt the task."

RANDOLPH'S DOMESTIC RESPONSIBILITIES.

Randolph's talented and high-minded brother, Richard, died when the statesman was twenty-three years of age, and three years before his first election to Congress. This was a blow scarcely less severe than that inflicted by his mother's death, not only because the ties between them were close and strong, but he had hoped great things from that brother, who was then generally pronounced "the most promising man in Virginia."

John Randolph thus became the head of the estate at Bizarre, on the Appomatox, where he had lived with his brother and his family, as well as that of Roanoke on the river by that name. Subsequently and after his removel to Roanoke the house at Bizarre was burned with his valuable library. For nearly fifteen years he continued at the head of the household, which consisted of the widow and her two young children, and his cousin, Mrs. Dudley, with her two children. The estate was large and his brothers had liberated all his slaves. Although there were some two hundred negroes on the Roanoke estate, the liberation of the Bizarre contingent doubtless made Mr. Randolph's conduct of the estate more difficult than it was before.

This misfortune instead of softening and subduing him seems to have made him more restless and irritable, and, although he supervised the household in a general way, he did not remain there long at any one time. Other members of the household appear to have found it a haven.

The poor man had his qualms of conscience at this inability to compose and content himself, as who can doubt after reading such words as these from him: "Mrs. Ran-

dolph, of Bizarre, my brother's widow, was beyond all comparison the nicest and best housewife that I ever saw. Not one drop of water was ever suffered to stand on her sideboard except what was in the pitcher; the house, from cellar to garret, and in every part, as clean as hands could make it; and everything as it should be to suit even my fastidious taste. Never did I see or smell anything to offend my senses or my imagination."

Randolph's room was under the chamber occupied by Mrs. Dudley and her children and she has already told, in the course of this narrative, how she never waked in the night that she did not hear him restlessly moving about and muttering or declaiming to himself. She also says that even then he pursued no systematic course of reading; system was as impossible to him as a restless wild animal in confinement. She frequently heard him lament that he was fond of light reading. He had a faculty, also, of seeming to absorb a book without seeming to read it, and Mrs. Dudley says that he often would seat himself by the candle, where she and Mrs. Randolph were knitting, turn over the leaves of a book carelessly like a child, and then lay it down and tell more about it than others who had carefully studied it.

Mr. Randolph's most sacred responsibility was the care and education of his elder two nephews, the sons of his favorite brother, St. George and Tudor. So far as Providence would permit, this task he accomplished with loving fidelity. But the mingled veins of mental and physical unsoundness—as the world judges it—seemed to run through the family tree. His eldest nephew, St. George, became insane over a love affair, in 1814, and the younger, Tudor, died of con-

sumption at Cheltenham, England, in the following year. With the death of the latter "the pride, the sole hope of the family," as Randolph hopelessly phrases it, was taken away.

Although plunged into a gloom which sometimes threatened to completely unbalance his mind, Randolph threw himself more than ever upon his adopted friend, a son in all but blood, young Dr. Dudley. He also took upon himself the responsibility of three other orphan boys, two of them the sons of an old deceased friend. It will readily be seen that with all his infirmities of mind and body, John Randolph did far more than visit the widows and orphans in their affliction.

Although when the fit was on him, the testimony of his neighbors was that Randolph delighted to terrify his slaves with his wild outbursts of sarcasm and passion, in his heart he felt their responsibility as of another large household. At the time of the British invasion of Virginia and the capture of Washington, in 1814, his section of the country was flooded and famine threatened. In this season of distress, he writes to his lifelong friend, Dr. Brockenbrough, unburdening himself of those feelings of responsibility as a slave-holder which so oppress him:

"I have lived to feel that there are many things worse than poverty or death, those bugbears that terrify the great children of the world and sometimes drive them to eternal ruin. It requires, however, firmer nerves than mine to contemplate without shrinking, even in prospect, the calamities which await this unhappy district of country—famine and all its concomitant horrors of disease and misery. To add to the picture, a late requisition of militia for Norfolk carries

dismay and grief into the bosoms of many families in this country; and to have a just conception of the scene it is necessary to be on the spot. This is our court day, when the conscripts are to report themselves, and I purposely abstain from the sight of wretchedness that I cannot relieve. I have indeed enough of it at home.

"The river did not abate in its rise until last night at sunset. It has, after twenty-four hours, just retired within its banks. The ruin is tremendous. The granary of this part of the State is rifled of its stores. Where, then, are the former furnishers of the great support of life to look for a supply? With a family of more than two hundred mouths looking up to me for food, I feel an awful charge on my hands. It is easy to rid myself of the burthen if I could shut my heart to the cry of humanity and the voice of duty. But in these poor slaves I have found my best and most faithful friends; and I feel that it would be more difficult to abandon them to the cruel fate to which our laws would consign them, than to suffer with them."

NO LOWER DOOR FOR RANDOLPH.

Randolph's visit to England in quest of health in 1822, brought him in contact with many public characters. There were few of them but had heard of his eccentricities, but when they met him face to face were so captivated by his personality, that they were anxious to welcome him as an addition to any circle.

One of the aristocracy took a special liking to him and as a signal mark of his favor obtained permission from the Lord Chancellor to introduce Mr. Randolph into the House

of Lords by the private entrance and near the throne, instead of obliging him to force his way with the crowd at the common entrance.

About the time that Mr. Randolph secured this privilege extended only to distinguished visitors, a friend of his arrived in London and the two were planning to attend a debate of extraordinary interest in the upper house of parliament. The friend mentioned had secured from a marquis of his acquaintance a pass admitting two persons to the House of Lords to hear the debate. He carried it in triumph to Randolph, offering to share his good fortune.

"Pray, sir," said Citizen Randolph, of Roanoke, "at what *door* do *you* intend to enter the house?"

"At the lower door, of course," replied the friend, "where all strangers enter."

"Not *all* strangers, if you please," said he, "for I shall enter at the *private* door near the throne."

"Oh, my dear sir," returned Randolph's friend, "your privilege, I dare say, will answer on any common occasion; but to-night the members of the House of Commons will entirely fill the space around the throne and no stranger, depend upon it, will be admitted there. So be wise and don't refuse this chance, or you will regret it."

"What, sir," retorted he, "do you suppose I would consent to struggle with and push through the crowd of persons who, for two long hours, must fight their way in at the *lower* door? Oh, no, sir! I shall do no such thing. If I cannot enter as a gentleman commoner I go not at all."

So the two separated, and the young and active friend, after fighting a good fight, finally forced the *lower* door

and, crushed and half suffocated, found himself in fortunate possession of standing room. But, casting his eye towards the throne soon after his entrance, to his no small surprise and (he naively admits) his envy, he beheld Randolph of Roanoke in all his glory, walking in most leisurely and perfectly at home, alongside of Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Robert Peel and many other distinguished members of the House of Commons. Some of these gentlemen even selected for him a prominent position, from which he could see and hear to the best advantage.

Whatever others might do or advise, John Randolph of Roanoke would never consent to hide his light under a bushel or to go in at the lower door. He would be a Gentleman Commoner or nothing.

FAREWELL TO HENRY CLAY.

Despite their political animosities, from the time of the duel, in which they both conducted themselves with generous spirit, each had a real admiration for the other.

A few days before his death, when it seemed that any minute might be his last, he was borne into the Senate chamber, and took a seat in the rear of Mr. Clay, who, at the time of his entrance, was addressing that body.

"Raise me up," said Randolph, "I want to hear that voice again."

When Mr. Clay had concluded his brief remarks, he turned around to see who had made the request in such a touching voice.

Recognizing the dying man, he left his place to speak to

him. As he approached, Randolph again said, "Raise me up."

Mr. Clay offered his hand and with a sympathetic voice said, "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir."

"No, sir," replied Randolph, "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you."

They grasped hands and parted forever, each understanding that soul to soul they were acknowledged friends.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN ELOQUENT.

During the later years of his life Daniel Webster was often referred to as the "Old Man Eloquent," but that was after Patrick Henry had long been in his grave. The last burning words which fell from the lips of the old Revolutionary hero and orator, uttered shortly before his death, were an impassioned appeal to Virginia to beware how by pronouncing upon the validity of Federal laws she should invite the horrors of civil war and final subjugation by foreign powers. He painted to their imaginations Washington at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army inflicting upon them military execution.

"And where," he asked, "are our resources to meet such a conflict? Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country?"

A drunken man in the audience threw up his arm and exclaimed that he dared to do it.

"No," answered Patrick Henry, enfeebled with the last ills to which his flesh was to be heir, but still rising aloft in majesty and earnestness; "no," he thundered, "you dare *not* do it; in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm."

The scene of these words was a rough stand erected near a tavern, which the grand jury of Charlotte County had just deserted to hear the noted orator; the time, March, 1799, and the occasion, a pro-and-con discussion of the Alien and Sedition laws, especially the right of Virginia to judge of their unconstitutionality. The whole country roundabout had turned out to honor the old-school patriot, who all but wept at the threatened disruption of the country which his mature manhood did so much to found.

Learned divines and professors were there from Prince Edward College, as well as state and county politicians, the two candidates for Congress, college students, planters, tradesmen and a thousand and one men of all characters and grades of intelligence; and curiosity, affection and admiration struggled in the breast of the meanest as the old man put all his failing strength into this appeal for harmony, albeit it called for the placing in the background some of the historic and aristocratic pride of the Old Dominion.

One of the candidates for Congress, Powhatan Bolling, was dressed in a red coat—a tall, large, proud Virginian; just the kind of a man to voice a loud defi for his state and answer Patrick Henry, old man though he was, for thus advising her to submit to oppression by the general government even in the interest of the Union. But Mr. Bolling was there to be seen and not heard. There were orators of not a little fame, besides, but they made no move to reply to Mr. Henry when he had concluded in this strain: "If I am asked what is to be done when a people feel themselves intolerably oppressed, my answer is ready—*overturn the government.* But do not, I beseech you, carry matters to this length without provoca-

tion. Wait, at least, until some infringement is made upon your rights and which cannot otherwise be redressed; for if ever you recur to another change, you may bid farewell forever to representative government. You can never exchange the present government but for a monarchy. If the administration have done wrong, let us all go wrong together rather than split into factions which must destroy that Union upon which our existence hangs. Let us preserve our strength for the French, the English, the Germans, or whoever else shall dare to invade our territory, and not exhaust it in civil commotions and intestine wars."

As the orator concluded many strong men of Virginia wept, responsive both to the pathetic words and manner of their beloved father, and Patrick Henry was almost literally clasped in the arms of the crowd.

The argument has been advanced *pro;* now from whom is the *con* to come? Not surely from that tall, slender, smooth-faced, light-haired effeminate-looking youth with the bright hazel eyes, dressed in buff and blue with fair-top boots. If you have frequented the roads between Roanoke and Bizarre, you can bear witness that he sits a horse as well as anybody in that part of the country, and that he has slaves and dogs at his beck. You know he is at the head of two large estates and is nervous and eccentric. Your neighbor at the Patrick Henry gathering tells you that this aristocratic Virginia boy is a candidate for Congress and has been put forth by those who have more than a surface knowledge of him to reply to the foremost orator of the day. He is actually upon his feet and tears also are in his hazel eyes and a quiver still upon his

lips as he commences to speak. This, then, is John Randolph of Roanoke, about to make his maiden speech.

Unlike Byron, the young Virginian was not obliged to wait the morrow's sun to find himself famous. The evident emotion playing over his mobile features disarmed the natural criticism of presumption on his part, and his first modest words expressing a regret that he was obliged to oppose the venerable and revered gentleman who had just concluded, went to hearts already softened. He then examined the position of his famous opponent calmly and logically, making such a suggestive personal reference as this: "But the gentleman has taught me a very different lesson from that he is now disposed to enjoin on us. I fear that time has wrought its influence on him, as on all other men; and that age makes him willing to endure what in former years he would have spurned with indignation. I have learned my first lessons in his school. He is the high-priest from whom I received the little wisdom my poor abilities were able to carry away from the droppings of the political sanctuary. He was the inspired statesman that taught me to be jealous of power, to watch its encroachments and to sound the alarm on the first movement of usurpation.

"Inspired by his eloquent appeals—encouraged by his example—alarmed by the rapid strides of Federal usurpation, of which he had warned them—the legislature of Virginia has nobly stepped forth in defense of the rights of the states and interposed to arrest that encroachment and usurpation of power that threaten the destruction of the Republic."

After speaking of the Alien laws as repugnant to the entire spirit of the constitution, which in its very essence was the

proffer of freedom and protection to all, he boldly exclaimed to this effect: "And what is that other law which so fully meets the approbation of my venerable friend? It is a law that makes it an act of sedition, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to utter or write a sentiment that any prejudiced judge or juror may think proper to construe into disrespect to the President of the United States. Do you understand me? I dare proclaim to the people of Charlotte my opinion to be that John Adams, so-called President, is a weak-minded man, vain, jealous and vindictive; that influenced by evil passions and prejudices, and goaded on by wicked counsel, he has been striving to force the country into a war with our best friend and ally. I say that I dare repeat this before the people of Charlotte and avow it as my opinion. But let me write it down and print it as a warning to my countrymen. What then? *I subject myself to an indictment for sedition.* I make myself liable to be dragged away from my home and friends and to be put on trial in some distant Federal court, before a judge who receives his appointment from the man that seeks my condemnation, and to be tried by a prejudiced jury, who have been gathered from remote parts of the country, strangers to me and anything but my peers—and have been packed by the minions of power for my destruction!"

It is but justice to the fame of Mr. Randolph, secured at a bound, to say that no verbatim report of his maiden speech, his noted reply to Patrick Henry, has ever come down to us. One of his neighbors, however, who has enjoyed the advantage, moreover, of comparing notes with several who heard the oration, has undoubtedly brought down the substance of it, if not the words. The speech lasted three hours, and the

audience were simply blinded and spell-bound by the dazzling outburst of brilliant thoughts clad in words of light.

When Randolph concluded, an old planter, turning to his neighbor, exclaimed, "He's no bug-eater, I tell you."

Mr. Henry said to a by-stander: "I haven't seen the little dog before, since he was at school; he was a great atheist then." He made no reply to the speech, but, approaching Mr. Randolph, took him by the hand and said: "Young man, you call me father; then, my son, I have something to say unto you (holding both his hands). Keep justice, keep truth, and you will live to think differently."

They dined together, and Randolph revered his venerable friend more than ever and his memory, which was all that remained in a few weeks from that eventful day, was one of the sacred things of his after life.

UPHOLDING HIS CONGRESSIONAL DIGNITY.

Mr. Randolph's peculiar temperament made him peculiarly sensitive to anything which he could construe into a personal affront. It was his misfortune, as not a little of his time in Congress was occupied in attempting to bring others to terms or in endeavoring to smooth over matters himself. Had he been less suspicious, had he been better able to overlook frictions which would have been scarcely noticed by those of a more obtuse and, perhaps, balanced a temperament, he would have had more time to devote to an undisturbed consideration of state affairs.

Within a month from the time he commenced his first term of service in Congress he found in a small personal episode an occasion by which he kept the President, Congress and the country at large in a considerable uproar for a period of

some two weeks. Was a member of Congress to be insulted, set upon and personally abused as a private citizen for words which he had spoken in debate on the floor of the House? Was honest opposition to administrative measures to be overawed by the military? There is little doubt by that a certain personal experience of the night of January 10, 1800, so keenly worked upon his sense of personal injury as to make him thoroughly convinced that the liberties of Republican congressmen were in grave danger at the hands of the military hirelings of the Federal administration.

Three days before the episode in question a resolution had been offered by a leading Republican to repeal the act increasing the United States Army, since all danger of war with France had passed. In the course of the debate upon the resolution Mr. Randolph had made his first speech in Congress, taking occasion to say that "the people of the United States ought not to depend for their safety on the soldiers enlisted under the laws, the repeal of which was the object of the resolution," and applied to them the epithet of "ragamuffins." He had also declared that standing or mercenary armies were inconsistent with the spirit of our constitution or the genius of a free people. General Lee, who had been second in command to the lamented Washington in the Revolutionary War, had taken exceptions to the word mercenary as applied to any troops except those hired to defend another country than their own.

In reply Randolph had contended that there was no etymology which would warrant his construction; that the term was derived from a Latin word which signified wages, but should be applied to such men (whether foreigners or other-

wise) who made the art military a profession or trade; that it was properly expressive of a standing army who served for wages and by contract, in contradistinction to a militia, or patriotic army, in which each contributed his share to the public safety and who received pay only when in actual service, in order that the poorer citizen might perform his military duty.

It certainly was no more than natural that those in any way connected with the standing army of the United States should object to being classified as ragamuffins and mercenaries. Even in the infancy of the Republic both officers and men took great pride in their branch of the public service and resented any criticism, especially from a civilian. But from such a boyish-looking civilian; and he to say ragamuffin and mercenary!

At any rate, although the motion to repeal the act increasing the standing army had failed of passage by a large majority, on the evening after its defeat, Randolph and three of his friends were attending a theater. The main play was "The Stranger," and the after-piece "Bluebeard." In the course of the evening a party of army officers, so Randolph charges, entered the box where he was and two of them—Captain McKnight and Lieutenant Reynolds—made themselves especially obnoxious. With the explanation that Messrs. Van Rensselaer, Christie and Macon were the friends of the young Virginia congressman, we let Mr. Randolph make these specific charges, which he laid before the President and House of Representatives as evidences of an unconstitutional interference with the privileges of congressional debate: "Exclusive of repeated assertions as to what passed in

the House of Representatives during the debate of the preceding day, and a frequent repetition of some words which fell from me during that discussion, in a manner so marked as to leave no doubt on my mind, or that of Messrs. Van Rensselaer, Christie or Macon, of their intention to insult me personally; finding me determined to take no notice of their *words,* they adopted a conduct which placed their designs beyond every possibility of doubt, and which they probably conceived to be calculated to force me into their measures.

"Mr. Christie had left his seat between me and the partition of the box; after which Mr. Van Rensselaer, who sat on the other side of me, laid down, so as to occupy a more than ordinary portion of room, and occasioned my removal to a part of Mr. Christie's former seat, leaving a very small vacancy between myself and the partition. Into this Lieutenant Reynolds *suddenly,* and without requesting or giving time for room to be made for him, dropped with such violence as to bring our hips into contact. The shock was sufficient to occasion a slight degree of pain on my part, and for which it is probable he would in some degree have apologized, had not the act been intentional. Just before I left the box, one of them, I believe McKnight, gave me a sudden and violent pull by the cape of my coat. Upon my demanding who it was (this was the first instance in which I noticed their proceedings) no answer was given. I then added that I had long perceived an intention to insult me, and that the person offering it was a puppy. No reply that I heard was made."

These and other facts tending to the same point came be-

fore the President and a special committee of investigation. The latter also took the testimony of the two army officers most deeply implicated, one of whom said that from Mr. Randolph's "youthful appearance and dress, I had no idea of his being a member of the House of Representatives." The upshot of the agitation was that when the resolutions presented by the committee were considered by the House, that body refused to accept their resolution "that sufficient cause does not appear for the interposition of the House, on the ground of a breach of its privileges."

But although Randolph's position had been sustained in principle both by the President and the House of Representatives, all further action was ruled out by the speaker; and, although at first glance this might appear a trivial personal matter which few men in the world would have so magnified as Mr. Randolph, there was, after all, a large question involved, and perhaps no one then serving in Congress was so abundantly able to stir up a hornet's nest and sting the public and public men into an attentive attitude as this young firebrand from Virginia.

SOUTHERN TO THE CORE.

Randolph's southern proclivities were often manifest in so violent a manner as to be the source of not a little amusement to his friends. It is well known that he had periods when his entire being seemed to be in a state of electrical discharge, and during these periods it required only the slightest excuse to draw a shock from him.

One of his Richmond friends tells an illustrative story to the effect that one day he was passing along the street when Mr. Randolph hailed him in a loud tone of voice and asked if

he (the friend) knew of a good ship in the James River in which he (Randolph) could get a passage for England. Mr. Randolph said he had been sick with a fever for forty days and his physician had ordered him to England.

The friend told the statesman from Roanoke that there were no ships on the James River fit for his accommodation and that he had better go to New York and sail from that port.

"Do you think," shouted Randolph, "that I would give my money to those who are ready to make my negroes cut my throat? If I cannot go to England from a Southern port I will not go at all!"

After thinking the matter over a little, the friend remembered a boat in the river that might do and told him so. Randolph asked the name of the boat and was informed it was the "Henry Clay."

He threw up his arms and exclaimed, "Henry Clay! No, sir! I will never step on the planks of a ship by that name!"

About two years from that time Mr. Randolph went to England, not, it is true, on board the "Henry Clay," albeit he did ship from the port of New York.

A fellow-passenger, noting that he had a great box of books with him, asked why he had brought so many.

"I want to have them bound in England, sir," he replied, severely.

"Bound in England!" the other exclaimed, laughing. "Why did you not send them to New York or Boston, where you can get them done cheaper?"

"What, sir," replied Randolph, more sharply. "Patronize some of our Yankee taskmasters; those patriotic gentry, who

have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed on foreign books. Never, sir, never! I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my tobacco crop will enable me to get supplies from old England; and I shall employ John Bull to bind my books until the time arrives when they can be properly done south of Mason and Dixon's line."

DEFIANT RETIREMENT FROM CONGRESS.

With all his frail physique, it is doubtful whether John Randolph knew the meaning of the fear of man. An illustration of this exemption is given in his congressional campaign of 1813, when, after a service of fourteen years, he was defeated by the administration leader, John W. Eppes. They were friends in youth and rival leaders in Congress, the canvass of 1813 being especially animated.

In Buckingham Mr. Randolph, who had become unpopular on account of his opposition to the war with England, was threatened with personal violence if he attempted to address the people. Some of his supporters advised him against the attempt.

"You know very little of me," said he, "or you would not give such advice."

Posters were accordingly put out that he would address the people, and a large crowd gathered, the outskirts being black with sullen faces.

Mr. Randolph, mounting the hustings, commenced: "I understand that I am to be insulted to-day if I attempt to address the people—that a mob is prepared to lay its rude hands upon me and drag me from these hustings, for daring to exercise the right of a freeman." Then fixing his keen eyes on

the dark fringe of the crowd and shaking that long, terrifying forefinger at the malcontents, he continued: "My Bible teaches me that the fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom, but that the fear of man is the consummation of folly." He then proceeded to address that part of the audience which had come to listen to him. But notwithstanding his eloquence and the fact that he was strong in the Charlotte district, the outside counties retired him from public life.

Shortly before the election his residence at Bizarre was burned, and he lost, as he says, "a valuable collection of books—a whole body of infidelity, the Encyclopedia of Diderot and D'Alembert, Voltaire's works (seventy volumes), Rousseau (thirteen quartos), Hume, etc., etc." He thereupon removed to his Roanoke estate, forty miles south, and retired to a solitude, almost unbroken save for the presence of young Dudley, his adopted relative, and the letters which he received from his friends, Dr. John Brockenbrough and Francis S. Key.

In his correspondence from Roanoke he often gave vent to his bitter feelings against politicians and his utter disgust of public life and its surroundings, as witness: "I had taken so strong a disgust against public business, conducted as it has been for years past, that I doubt my fitness for the situation from which I have been dismissed. The House of R. was as odious to me as ever school-room was to a truant boy. To be under the dominion of such wretches as (with a few exceptions) composed the majority, was intolerably irksome to my feelings; and, although my present situation is far from enviable, I feel the value of the exchange. To-day (May 22), for the first time, we have warm weather; and as I enjoy the

breeze in my cool cabin, where there is scarce a fly to be seen, I think with loathing of that compound of villainous smells which at all times inhale through the H. of R., but which in a summer session are absolutely pestilential."

It was here, from the solitude of Roanoke, that Randolph gave frequent vent to his longings for a religious life and his perception of his own shortcomings, and the conflict within him to suppress his bitterness—to be charitable and forgiving and yet live among men, with all their deceit and uncharitableness—was pitiful in the extreme. And yet, after moving in a circle, feeling the necessity for a new life, and having the longing for it, his nervous, rebellious nature would reassert itself, his unworthiness would again come uppermost and despair would take the place of hope; then he would canvass his world and find only three really good happy men in it—Bishop Meade, of Virginia; Dr. Moses Hogue, president of Hampden Sydney College, and Francis S. Key.

"I am more and more convinced," he cries, "that, with a few exceptions, this world of ours is a vast mad-house. The only men I ever knew well, ever approached closely, whom I did not discover to be unhappy, are sincere believers of the Gospel and conform their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. There are only three of them." According to his own statement, this conflict within him lasted for nine long years before he was able conscientiously to announce his conversion to his friends.

RANDOLPH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION.

In writing to his old friend, Dr. Brockenbrough, Randolph evidently refers to a previous letter in which he has intimated a change of heart and convictions in matters relig-

ious, when he says, under date of September 25, 1822: "Your imputing such sentiments to a heated imagination does not surprise me, who have been bred in the school of Hobbs, and Bayle, and Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, and Hume, and Voltaire, and Gibbon; who have cultivated the skeptical philosophy from my vainglorious boyhood—I might almost say childhood—and who have felt all that unutterable disgust which hypocrisy and cant and fanaticism never fail to excite in men of education and refinement, superadded to our natural repugnance to Christianity. I am not even now insensible to this impression; but as the excesses of her friends (real or pretended) can never alienate the votary of liberty from a free form of government and enlist him under the banners of despotism, so neither can the cant of fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or of both, disgust the pious with true religion.

"Mine has been no sudden change of opinion. I can refer to a record, showing, on my part, a desire of more than nine years' standing to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; although for two and twenty years preceding my feet had never crossed the threshold of the house of prayer. This desire I was restrained from indulging by the fear of eating and drinking unrighteously. And although that fear hath been cast out by perfect love, I have never yet gone to the altar, neither have I been present at the performance of divine service, unless indeed I may so call my reading the liturgy of our church and some chapters of the Bible to my poor negroes on Sundays. Such passages as I think require it, and which I feel competent to explain, I comment upon—enforcing as far as possible, and dwelling upon those texts

especially that enjoin the indispensable accompaniment of a good life as the touchstone of the true faith. The Sermon from the Mount and the Evangelists generally; the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, chap. vi; the General Epistle of James and the First Epistle of John; these are my chief texts.

"The consummation of my conversion—I use the word in its stricted sense—is owing to a variety of causes, but chiefly to the conviction, unwillingly forced upon me, that the very few friends which an unprosperous life (the fruit of an ungovernable temper) had left me were daily losing their hold upon me, in a firmer grasp of ambition, avarice or sensuality. I am not sure that, to complete the anti-climax, avarice should not have been last; for, although in some of its effects, debauchery be more disgusting than avarice, yet as it regards the unhappy victim, this last is more to be dreaded. Dissipation, as well as power or prosperity, hardens the heart; but avarice deadens it to every feeling but the thirst for riches.

"Avarice alone could have produced the slave-trade; avarice alone can drive, as it does drive, this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like so many post-horses, whipped to death in a mail-coach. Ambition has its reward in the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war; but where are the trophies of avarice?—the handcuff, the menacle and the blood-stained cowhide?"

MR. BENTON'S OPINION OF RANDOLPH.

It is impossible to conceive two men more diametrical in their natures than Senator Benton, the methodical, statistical, full-blooded statesman from Missouri, and the scintillating human aberration, known as Randolph of Roanoke.

Upon one occasion Mr. Benton said that his opinion was fixed that Mr. Randolph had occasional temporary aberrations of mind; "and during such periods he would do and say strange things, but always in his own way—not only method but genius in his fantasies; nothing to bespeak a bad heart; only exaltation and excitement."

"The most brilliant talks," continued he, "that I ever heard from him came forth on such occasions—a flow for hours (at one time seven hours) of copious wit and classic allusion—a perfect scattering of the diamonds of the mind."

He tells us that he once sounded Mr. Randolph to discover what he thought of his own case. He heard him repeating those lines of Johnson on "Senility and Imbecility"—

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise;
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

"Mr. Randolph," said Mr. Benton, "I have several times heard you repeat those lines as if they could have an application to yourself, while no person can have less reason to fear the fate of Swift."

"I have lived in dread of insanity," replied Mr. Randolph.

ONE TOO MUCH.

Randolph's ready wit was seldom caught napping, but when it was no man could feel greater humiliation, not to say anger.

Upon one occasion a lady of his acquaintance, the metal of whose repartee he had had occasion to test, met him at the house of a mutual friend. She had just returned from at-

tending an Episcopal church in a neighboring town, and Mr. Randolph set out at once to hector her over the circumstance. He claimed that she should patronize home industries—should have attended the Methodist meeting-house in her neighborhood. Continuing, he declaimed against the folly of attempting to maintain an Episcopal church in the United States, an institution so contrary to the independent spirit of the country.

The lady, who could see that he was simply talking to vex her, suddenly turned the tables on him by exclaiming, "I suppose, then, Mr. Randolph, that you must be a Methodist!"

OPINION AS TO HIS BEST SPEECH.

One of Mr. Randolph's old constituents was once asked which speech he considered the best. He replied the one he made at Charlotte court-house, soon after the Virginia convention of 1829. In this address he spoke of his public service, and is reported to have used the following language: "I appear here to take my leave of you for the last time. Now what shall I say? Twenty-eight years ago you took me by the hand, when a beardless boy, and handed me to Congress. I have served you in a public capacity ever since. That I have committed errors I readily believe, being a descendant of Adam, and full of bruises and putrifying sores, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. People of Charlotte! which of you is without sin?"

A voice in the crowd exclaimed, "Gracious God! what preaching."

RANDOLPH'S LAST DAY ON EARTH.

For three years Mr. Randolph had been gradually failing with consumption, the disease having been greatly aggra-

vated by his voyage to Russia, and in April started toward Philadelphia, intending to sail for England in the May packet. On the way thither he stopped at Washington and was reconciled to his old-time enemy Henry Clay. He finally arrived in Philadelphia during a heavy storm, to which he was unfortunately exposed before he was able to secure lodgings. At length, with his faithful colored servant John, he found shelter at the City Hotel, No. 41 North Third Street.

As Mr. Randolph was now a very sick man, Dr. Joseph Parish, a Quaker physician, was summoned at once and attended him the last few days of his life. We pass over the details of all the long sad hours except those which covered his last day, as they have been recorded for us by his painstaking friend and biographer, Hugh A. Garland, in early life a resident of the Roanoke district and in whose hands many of Randolph's most intimate friends placed their correspondence with the departed and all the treasures of their well-stored memories. Mr. Garland's account of the circumstances attending his death is full of interest because so explicit.

The day on which Randolph died Dr. Parish received an early and an urgent message to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant John, who was much affected at the sight of his dying master.

The Doctor remarked to him, "I have seen your master very low before and he revived, and perhaps he will again."

"John knows better than that, sir," earnestly replied Randolph. Then looking at the Doctor with great intensity, said in a distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will,

especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision."

"I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration from you, sir," replied the Doctor, and soon after proposed to leave him for a short time to attend to another patient.

"You must not go," was the reply: "you cannot, you shall not leave me. John, take care that the Dotor does not leave the room."

John locked the door, and reported, "Master, I have locked the door and got the key in my pocket; the Doctor can't go now."

Randolph seemed excited, and exclaimed, "If you do go, you need not return!"

The Doctor appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as he was only desirous of discharging his duty to another patient. His manner instantly changed, and he said, "I retract that expression." Soon afterward he repeated, even more expressively, "I retract that expression."

The Doctor now said that he understood the subject of his communication and presumed the will would explain itself fully.

Randolph replied, "No, you don't understand it; I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves—a will may manumit them, but provision for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party and never lose sight of him, until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John. You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me. Your patients must

make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning, 'Master, you are dying.' "

The Doctor spoke with entire candor, and replied that it was rather a matter of surprise that he had lasted so long.

Randolph now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button. He then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom, but to fix it completely required a hole on the opposite side. "Get a knife," said he, "and cut one." A napkin was called for and placed by John over his breast.

For a short time Randolph lay perfectly quiet with his eyes closed, but suddenly roused up and exclaimed, "Remorse! Remorse!" The words were thrice repeated, the last time at the top of his voice with great agitation. He then cried out, "Let me see the word! Get a dictionary! Let me see the word!"

"There is none in the room, sir."

"Write it down then. Let me see the word!"

The Doctor picked up one of his cards on which was "Randolph of Roanoke." "Shall I write it on this card?"

"Yes, nothing more proper."

The word *remorse* was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity.

"Write it on the back," he exclaimed. It was so done, and the card handed him again. He was extremely agitated. "Remorse! You have no idea what it is. You can form no idea of it whatever. It has contributed to bring me to my

present situation. But I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ and I hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word;" which was accordingly done.

"What am I to do with the card?" inquired the Doctor.

"Put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead look at it."

Other witnesses were now called in, to witness the declaration he had to make—four in all, including the son of Dr. Parish and the proprietor of the hotel. They stood in a semicircle in front of the bed, John close by the side of the dying man, who was propped up with pillows so that he sat up nearly erect. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders; and he directed John to place his hat on, over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head.

Randolph now rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body to this last effort. "His whole soul," says Dr. Parish, "seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing towards us with his long index finger, he thus addressed us: 'I confirm all the directions in my will respecting my slaves and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support.' And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with open hand on the shoulder of his favorite John, who stood close by his side with a countenance full of sorrow, and added, 'especially for this man.' He then asked each of the witnesses whether they understood him."

Dr. Parish explained to the witnesses what Mr. Randolph had said to him regarding the Virginia laws on manumission

and appealed to the dying man whether he had stated his remarks correctly. Being assured that he had, the Doctor was gracefully dismissed and the other witnesses asked to remain until the end. That was only two hours away; and having kept his faculties upon the task which had now been accomplished, his strong will loosened its hold and his mind and imagination wandered amid home scenes and friends, until with his other faculties, which we call Soul, they passed into the unknown.

THE STORY OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

FOR A SCHOOL OR CLUB PROGRAMME.

Each numbered paragraph is to be given to a pupil or member to read, or to recite, in a clear, distinct tone.

If the school or club is small, each person may take three or four paragraphs, but should not be required to recite them in succession.

1. John Randolph "of Roanoke," was born at Cawsons, Virginia, June 2, 1773.

2. He was the seventh in descent from Pocahontas, by her marriage with John Rolfe.

3. His father, Richard Randolph, died two years after the birth of his son John.

4. His mother was a woman of great mental gifts and of rare beauty of person, to which were added a captivating graciousness of manner, and a voice of wonderful sweetness and power.

5. John Randolph always spoke of her in after life with the greatest tenderness and love. From her he learned the art of reciting. He would memorize the most expressive and important portions of the speeches and orations of the great masters of eloquence, and then declaim them under her guidance.

6. He thus acquired the power of tone, which he afterwards was enabled to use with such tremendous effect.

7. His mother married St. George Tucker who took care of his step-son with great affection and fidelity.

8. He went to the grammar school connected with William and Mary College in his twelfth year, and in the autumn of 1787 attended Princeton College. In June, 1788, he was a student for a short time at Columbia College, New York City.

9. During this year, 1788, his mother died, greatly lamented by her son who had inherited her singular beauty of face and high intellectual powers.

10. He studied law in Philadelphia with his second cousin, Edmund Randolph, the distinguished Attorney-General. He also gave attention to political debates and the study of anatomy and physiology.

11. He passed through a period of skepticism, mainly through the influence of the French Revolution upon his impressible mind, but very soon became a firm believer again in the religious truths taught him by his mother.

12. He also trampled under his feet the temptations which to some extent had gained the mastery over him through his youthful associations and his ardent, emotionable nature.

13. Randolph's first speech was made in reply to Patrick Henry in 1799, in defense of the Virginia resolutions against the Alien and Sedition Acts.

14. It was a bold and remarkable effort, and at once concentrated attention upon the youthful orator.

15. In 1789 Randolph was elected to Congress, and in his first speech he advocated a resolution to diminish the army.

16. In this speech he referred to "Standing or Mercenary Armies," claiming that all who made war a profession were "mercenary." This language gave great offense to all the military men of the country.

17. By his commanding abilities he became the leader of his party, then termed "Republican," in the House of Representatives.

18. He was the implacable foe of all forms of corruption. The unquestioned honesty of his character, his fervid, poetic eloquence, his biting sarcasm, and ready wit made him a most formidable adversary.

19. He exposed the great Yazoo fraud in which so many prominent characters were implicated.

20. His moral courage was sublime. It led him to acts of apparent inconsistency in his political life. The measures he advocated at one time he would afterwards resolutely oppose.

21. But the changed conditions demanded of him as a courageous man, loyal to his convictions, a change of action.

22. He became "the pride of Virginia" by his devotion to her interests, and his intrepid daring in fighting every public wrong.

23. He used all the resources of his eloquence, his powers of scathing ridicule his pungent wit to prevent the war of 1812.

24. He became the acknowledged head of the "State Rights" party in opposition to the centralization of power in the Federal Government.

25. He had a profound hatred of slavery, and would have freed his own slaves before his death had it not been for legal and other difficulties which stood in the way.

26. But he did not believe in the principle of the Missouri Compromise, and termed the northern supporters of that measure "doughfaces," an appellation which has become historic.

27. His animosity became aroused against Henry Clay during the angry debate on the question of the war with England in 1812.

28. Mr. Clay challenged Randolph for using insulting language, and a duel was soon afterwards fought, in which although shot at by Mr. Clay, Randolph fired his pistol in the air.

29. It is a great pity that history has to record such a meeting between two such great men. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Randolph's conduct on the occasion elicited the warm admiration of Mr. Clay.

30. Randolph was elected to the Senate of the United States in December, 1824, and served two years. He was defeated for the position at the next election.

31. In 1830 he was appointed minister to Russia. But his failing health and the prevalence of the cholera in Europe prevented a long stay at the Russian Court.

32. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia in 1829, and charmed the assembly by his eloquence.

33. He died of consumption in Philadelphia, May 23, 1833. His remains were removed to Roanoke, Virginia, and laid to rest amid venerable trees in a picturesque dell.

34. In his personal appearance he presented a tall and slender frame, long, bony fingers, a thin and beardless face full of wrinkles, and dark, brilliant eyes.

35. He had a graceful bow, in ordinary speaking, a lofty bearing and a voice wonderfully penetrating and yet sweet and melodious as a woman's. "His very whisper could be distinguished above the tones of ordinary men."

36. His speeches were "conclusive in argument, original in conception, felicitous in illustration, forcible in language, and faultless in delivery."

37. "His eye, his forefinger, and his foot were the members used in gesticulation. In impressing a solemn truth, a warning or a proposition to which he wished to call particularly the attention of his audience, he could use his foot with singular and thrilling effect."

38. "The ring of the slight patting of his foot was in perfect accord with the clear, musical intonations of that voice, which belonged only to Mr. Randolph."

39. "Mr. Randolph appeared among men as a towering oak among the undergrowth of the forest."

40. One of his physicians said "Mr. Randolph never had an hour of good health, nor was he ever free from physical suffering."

41. "A great deal of his suffering was of that class of diseases which are mitigated by *Stimuli*. These he used freely until they brought his system into a terrible state of mental excitement and physical debility."

42. It would have been an incalculable blessing if he could have had the scientific aud successful treatment, which has been given in our day to so many who have been afflicted with a similar disease.

43. "No statesman ever looked into or predicted the future of any governmental policy with more accuracy than did Mr. Randolph."

44. "Mr. Randolph was in every respect a great man. As a statesman he had no superior, and but few equals. As a philosopher and student of history he stood in the foremost ranks, while as an orator, he would compare with any that the nineteenth century has produced."

PROGRAMME FOR A JOHN RANDOLPH EVENING.

1. Music—Instrumental.
2. Essay—John Randolph's Early Life.
3. Essay—John Randolph's First Speech in opposition to Patrick Henry.
4. Music—Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.
5. Discussion—John Randolph as an Orator; John Randolph's Sarcasm.
6. Essay—The Contradictions in John Randolph's Character.
7. Music—Dixie.
8. Essay—The Virginia Convention.
9. Recitation—From Speeches of John Randolph.
10. Music—America.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

What is said of the Randolphs of Virginia? Of Turkey Island? Of William Randolph's marriage, etc.? Of his descendants? Of Richard Randolph? Of his descendants? Of the birth of John Randolph?

Of the influence of his mother? What does John Randolph say of it? What did he read? Of the flight of his mother? Of his early schooling? Of his residence at Princeton? Of his attendance at Columbia College? Of his indiscriminate reading? What does he say of himself?

What is said of Theodorick Bland? Of Randolph in Philadelphia? Of his attitude towards Jefferson and Paine? Of his companions in Philadelphia? Of Randolph's majority? Of the influence upon him? Of the death of his brother? Of the action of the Federalist party? Of the attitude of Virginia? Of Kentucky? Of Patrick Henry? Of Randolph's opposition to Henry? Of Randolph's public services? Of the Continental Congress? Of the old Constitution? Of the meaning of its emphatic language? Of the effect of the amendments? Of the rise of secession? Of the nature of the two secessions? Of the reservation of Virginia?

Of the preamble of the Constitution? Of the making of the Constitution by the people? Of Congressional districts? Of threats of secession at different periods? Of the Constitution? Of Randolph's acquaintance with it? Of the Louisiana purchase? Of Josiah Quincy's

Statement? Of Randolph and the embargo? What are the main points in Randolph's speech against the embargo? What is said of Macon? What is said of his relation to Jefferson? Of his labors on the Ways and Means Committees? Of his views of the business of Congress? Of schemes of spending money, etc.?

Of his opinion of the standing army in 1800? Of the militia? Of his declarations in 1863? Of the navy? What is said of Jefferson's scheme and Randolph's view of it? What is the substance of his speech in 1810? How did he regard the war of 1812, etc.? What did he say on Dec. 9, 1812? On Jan. 16, 1816? On foreign war, etc.? On March 5, 1806?

What did Randolph say of the Judiciary? What amendment did he propose? What did he say of corruption? Of Caucus? Of providing men with Federal offices? When was he beaten for Congress? What is said of the Yazoo frauds?

What was Randolph's attitude towards Jefferson? Towards Madison and Monroe? What does he say of the ins and outs.

What is said of the Bank question? Of Henry Clay? Of Federal agency and internal improvements? Of Randolph's opposition? Of Randolph and the tariff of 1816? Of Randolph and Webster? Of Randolph and South America? Of Randolph and slavery? Of Randolph and the Compromise? Of Randolph and Clay and Adams? Of the duel between Randolph and Clay?

Of Randolph's mission to Russia?

What was the tenor of Randolph's letter to the Hartford Convention? When and where did he die?

What can you say of the complexity of his character? What is supposed to be the principle cause of his evil propensities? Compare Randolph with Calvin.

What is said of Randolph and Calvin? Of Randolph's religious utterances? What anecdotes are told of him? What is said of his pride? Of his wit? Of his sarcasm? Of his relations to Barbour—to Madison—to Clay—to Goddard—to Beecher of Ohio?

What is said of his family affections, etc.? Of his love for Mary Ward? Of his insanity? Of his religious mania? Of his declaration to Senator Benton? Of his character? Of the re-interment of his remains?

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL STUDY.

1. *The Missouri Compromise.*
2. *The Administration of John Quincy Adams.*
3. *John Randolph and Thomas Jefferson.*
4. *John Randolph and Henry Clay.*
5. *John Randolph and Negro Slavery.*
6. *John Randolph and State Rights.*

CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

1773 Born at Cawson's, Virginia, June 2.
1784 Attended Grammar School of William and Mary College. Went with his parents to Bermuda.
1787 Attended Princeton College.
1788 Attended Columbia College, New York.
1789 Witnessed President Washington's Inauguration, April 30.
1790 Studied law with Edmund Randolph.
1795 Returned to Virginia.
1799 Made his first speech in opposition to Patrick Henry. Elected to Congress.
1800 Made his first speech in Congress, Jan 10.
1799-1813 Served in Congress.
1813 Defeated for Congress.
1815 Returned to Congress.
1824 Elected to the United States Senate, December.
1826 Duel with Henry Clay.
1827 Defeated for the United States Senate. Re-elected to Congress.
1829 Member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention.
1833 Died in Philadelphia, June 24.

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